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Northern Messenger

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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

Bethany.

Only a little cluster of half-ruined houses with dusty, grey-leafed trees and a dusty road. Only a dark oriental tomb, down the dark stairs of which we grope our way by candle light.

These we may see with our eyes and touch with our hands if we travel to Palestine, but whether in Palestine or here, when we can see only the pictures of these things, what do they mean to us? What does a rose mean to us as we hold it in our hand? Just an ordinary flower bought at a florist shop? Or does it mean a vision of glowing color and sweet perfume; of perfect June and pleasant companionship. What does the soft ring of fair hair mean to us when it slips from an old book into our hand? Is it just rubbish someone has hoarded? Or does it mean a vision of days when the whole joy of our life was centred round a little curly head and a rush of blinding tears at the thought of the little grave.

What does that package of old letters mean to us. Do we toss it aside without a thought, as just so much waste paper? Do we lift our head proudly, with the thought of the love that crowned us, love of mother or father, of sweetheart or friend, written down in words that strengthened us and made it possible for us to win triumphantly.

Have we to-day a thought only of the tumble-down walls of Bethany, a vision only of the stony steps of the tomb? Let us read over again the wonderful story and realize as we never have before all that it means.

Let us get a clear vision of the comfort Christ's coming brought to the sorrowing ones; the wonderful joy that followed; the power and love of the Master who said:

'I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

TOMB OF LAZARUS AT BETHANY.

The Refiner's Fire.

(Mal. iii., 3; Dan. iii., 25.)

(By R. W. Scanlan, M.A., Ph.D.

He sat by a furnace of sevenfold heat,
As he watched by the precious ore,
And closer he bent with a searching gaze,
As he heated it more and more.

He knew he had ore that could stand the test,
And he wanted the finest gold
To mould as a crown for the king to wear,
Set with gems of a price untold.

So he laid our gold in the burning fire,
Though we fain would have said him nay,
And he watched the dross that we had not seen
As it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter, and yet more bright,
But our eyes were so dim with tears,
We saw but the fire, not the Master's hand,
And questioned with anxious fears.

Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow,
As it mirrored a form above,
That bent o'er the fire, though unseen by us,
With looks of ineffable love.

Can we think that it pleases his loving heart,
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah! no, but he saw through the present cross
The bliss of eternal gain.

So he waited there with a watchful eye,
With a love that is strong and sure,
And his gold did not suffer a whit more heat,
Than was needed to make it pure.

And not by the furnace, but thro' the midst
Passed a thorn-crowned and kingly form,
The fire had no power on the gleaming gold,
So close to his bosom borne.

He has lifted it out from his furnace now,
Too bright for our eyes to see
Till the tears that dim them are wiped away,
On the shores of eternity.

—'Christian Guardian.'

Tighten the Buckles.

(Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.)

It is related that a cavalry officer, with a small number of followers, was pursued by an enemy who were in large force. He discovered that his saddle-girth was becoming loose; his comrades were urging him on to greater speed, but he dismounted, tightened the loose buckle, and then rode on, amid the shouts of his companions. The broken buckle would have cost his safety—perhaps his life. His wise delay ensured his safety.

This incident suggests several spiritual lessons. A very obvious one is that the Christian who is in such haste to rush off to his business in the morning that he does not spare any time for his Bible or for prayer, is quite likely to 'ride for a fall' before sundown. One of the most eminent Christian merchants of New York told me that he never met his family at the breakfast table until he had a refreshing interview with his God over his Bible and on his knees. His

family worship afterward was not only a tightening of the buckle for himself, but was a gracious means of safety to his household.

One of the greatest dangers in these days is that too many children are growing up—even in nominally Christian families—with sadly lax sentiments in many vital directions. They have loose views about God's day and God's Book, and very loose practices as to attendance upon God's worship. They start out in life with a broken buckle and when the stress of temptation comes, they are easily thrown to the ground. Fathers and mothers owe to their children as well as to themselves the duty of tightening the saddle-girth.

Not only do families suffer from laxity in parental government and godly parental training, but I fear that some congregations suffer from laxity in the teachings of their ministers. No Church is very likely to rise higher than its own pulpit. If the shepherd of the flock holds loose doctrines; if he is so 'liberal' that he gives away, or throws away, vital truths; if he lets down too many bars that the Bible wisely puts up, then it is no wonder that the flock wanders off into the ways of worldliness. There is no danger in these days of excessive strictness or of 'puritanical' principles or practices. The danger is just from the opposite direction. Would it not be a wise thing if some pastors, who see that their Churches are being overtaken and demoralized by worldly temptations, should call a halt and tighten their buckles?

The incident at the head of this brief article has a very close application to the maintenance of a vigorous, happy, and useful Christian life. The very word 'religion' is derived from the Latin word that signifies 'to bind fast.' True religion means the being bound fast to the Lord Jesus Christ in constant dependance on him and obedience to him. How to keep up a healthy spiritual life is the daily problem with every Christian. The parable of the buckle gives a hint. True piety is never self-sustaining. We only can 'do all things through Christ that strengthened us.' Without him, nothing; with him, everything. Therefore it is that our Bible exhorts us with prodigious emphasis to 'pray without ceasing.' When we relax in this vitally important duty, the enemies will soon overtake us, and overmatch us, and leave us in the dust. Brethren and sisters, tighten the prayer buckle.—Northwestern 'Christian Advocate.'

Missionary Prayer Meetings.

A Few Suggestions.

Many times I have been asked by earnest pastors and workers at home, How can we best help the missionaries on the field, when we meet together to pray and praise?

Since it is a real difficulty with some, I venture to make a few suggestions to guide any who may be seeking light.

Firstly. Let me urge upon each and all the great need to be more in prayer for the native Christians. Out of the many missionary prayer-meetings I attended, when at home, the native Christians were only remembered in two or three gatherings. Most faithfully the missionaries were brought to God, and prayer and praise given for any news of direct blessing, etc.

Secondly. Plead with God that the power of the Holy Ghost may come upon the native churches. We desire to see this, so that from these mission centres in heathen lands may go forth men and women of faith to reach their brethren and sisters who are still in darkness.

Thirdly. Pray that we as missionaries may always find our spiritual refreshment and stimulus in God. We often miss the stirring and helpful contact that many of the home conferences and conventions afford the weary souls; and unless we are much with God, down we go.

Fourthly. Plead especially that the passion for souls may not be lost. Contact with heathenism is awfully deadening, so we need your prayers on this line very much.

Fifthly. Ask that we may not trust too much to our fellow-workers. It is possible to rest in the arm of flesh too much, and in God too little. The only 'full satisfaction' is in the Triune God. Our loving Father never fails. 'Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' and the Eternal Spirit changes not.

Lastly. Plead that each one may be kept happy and faithful. The joy of the Lord is to be our strength. The work will often depress and discourage. The heathen and Christian members will perchance disappoint the brightest hopes. But to remember that we are sent of God, that the seed sown is living eternal seed, and that Jesus himself is coming again, will make many a dark day bright and change defeat into victory.

C.I.M., Chefoo, N. China.

Religious Notes.

The 3,600 Christians scattered over the planting districts in the Tamil Cooley Mission form 34 congregations. There are 60 schools with 2,500 children under instruction. During a great part of last year, the Rev. R. P. Butterfield had charge of the Central District in addition to the Northern. Writing of the work in this latter district alone he says:

'One feels the difficulty of impressing on the minds of sympathizers at home the vastness of one single missionary "district" compared with a home parish. Taking the pastoral work, for example, in this district, there are about 1,200 baptized Christians, who in themselves would form a very respectable sphere of work at home. But then these Christians have to be sought and visited over an area as great as the county of Norfolk. Then there are about 1,060 scholars, which number would make that of many a national school look small. These again are not in one or two big schools, but scattered over the same area, in twenty-six schools. But both these departments of work, important as they are, fade into insignificance before the great task of evangelization which is being daily carried on in our efforts to reach the 234,000 Tamil-speaking people who inhabit this part of Ceylon.—C. M. S. Gleaner.

Says the 'Christian Endeavor World': 'We have just received a most interesting report of the condition of the societies of Christian Endeavor in the Baltic provinces of Russia from the Christian Endeavor travelling secretary, Rev. Robert Bahtz. At the present time there are 28 Christian Endeavor Societies in these provinces, which will be greatly multiplied when quieter times come to us. On account of the revolution we can hold our Christian Endeavor conventions only under the name of 'spiritual concerts.' The Russo-Baltic Christian Endeavor Union has held three conventions and two schools of methods for the instruction of Christian Endeavor workers. It is recognized that the Christian Endeavor Society has come to Russia at the right time, as an instrument of the Lord to comfort the people and heal the wounds of sinners. The society is a pledge of brotherly love among Lutherans, Baptists, Brudergemeinde, Stundists, and others.'

Our Labrador Work.

SOUTHWARD BOUND.

Making as little delay as possible, we once more left for the south, with three volunteer workers to help in the development of what we might call the settlement growing up near Cape Bauld. Two were Harvard men—part of the now famous crew of the launch—and one an Irish landlord who has most generously decided to give us a winter's work at his own expense. As he has seen life in many parts of the world—served through the Boer war, and been ranching in Colorado—his knowledge on many subjects should be very valuable, and when we left this hospital again on our last trip north, he was busily engaged with 'a crowd,' mostly, however, of our own boys from the orphanage, opening up our peat bog—draining, cutting, road-making—a work in which his knowledge of the Irish industry, makes his assistance especially valuable. Here were our other two schooners. One with freight from St. John's. One landing lumber for friends across the harbor. The 'Lorna Doone,' an ex-Gloucester banker, looking splendid with her graceful lines and tall hardwood spars.

The volunteer medical officer had had about twice as much work as he expected to see, and had still in hospital some bad cases, one poor fellow, with a bad gunshot wound through the arm, just above the elbow, whose life was in the balance in the effort to save his limb. Only one case had not done as well as we hoped. A clubfoot operation on a jolly little fellow, who was a hopeless cripple when he came, and whom we had hoped to have seen running about well by now. One gratifying incident, however, occurred the day after our arrival as a trifling offset to this great disappointment, though we still hope for at least an improvement on the old condition. As I was returning to the hospital from the peat work, axe over my shoulder, a group of fishermen met me saying one of their number had a bad eye and wished to consult me about it. The man came up and stood silently while I looked at his eyes. His right eye showed no reaction to light or accommodation, and I promptly asked him if it gave him any pain. As he tried to protest he had no pain whatever in it, I noticed a strange twinkle in the other, and then he burst out laughing. He proved to be the young man whose eye we had removed in the far north, and to whom my colleague had just fitted the eye we had promised him when we sent him back to his schooner some six hundred miles to the nor'ard.

The child we had brought from the wretched home in the straits in the spring was also entirely metamorphosed, and his own father would hardly have known him. Nor would he have recognized in himself the hitherto submerged individual, for with the trifling outfit we gave him in the spring, when we relieved him of the burden, alas, of a blind wife and a ricketty baby, he had been phenomenally successful with fish. He has over fifty kintals of fish to his own name, and has not only paid the advances, but was a man of means with a winter's diet, with money coming to him, and a renewed ambition and hope, which probably was the asset he really needed most of all.

Alcohol had been working its fatal results in our absence. At the large lighthouse, three young men, not satisfied with the beverages of their brethren, who have far harder work to do, had indulged in alcohol provided by the government for purposes connected with the light. Two had died, and one was still suffering from a kind of blindness. Sir Creighton Brown recently said at a banquet in England of medical men: 'Alcohol was a good thing in its place.' His speech so greatly encouraged the use of alcohol as a beverage that already this far country is being flooded with notices of whiskeys with extracts from his speech to commend the use thereof. These add to his pronouncement that at that banquet ninety-four percent of medical men were not abstainers, that if only this particularly seductive variety were used, not a man of the lot would abstain. To those who hate and fight the liquor traffic as we do among our splendid men, such a pronouncement, advertised as Sir Creighton Brown's will be, is a weapon for evil in the enemy's hands that we have most deeply to deplore. We are at once sending for copies of the really scientific view of the question expressed in the new and admirable handbook by Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Spurge.

W. T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1908.

The Raising of Lazarus,

John xi., 32-44. Memory verses 43, 44. Read John xi., 1-57.

Golden Text.

I am the resurrection and the life.—John xi., 25.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 6.—John xi., 1-17.
Tuesday, April 7.—John xi., 18-38.
Wednesday, April 8.—John xi., 39-57.
Thursday, April 9.—Luke vii., 11-23.
Friday, April 10.—Luke viii., 41, 42, 49-56.
Saturday, April 11.—Acts ix., 32-43.
Sunday, April 12.—II. Kings iv., 8-37.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Recall some of the texts recently studied in which Jesus proclaims his power, such as 'I am the bread of life,' 'I am the light of the world,' and last Sunday's text, 'I am the good shepherd.' All these texts tell us how Christ will take care of us during this life, how he feeds us, guides us, and cares for us all the time, but do you think that is all that they refer to? You know how the twenty-third Psalm tells of the shepherd leading his sheep by the quiet waters and in the green pastures, but there is somewhere else that the sheep all have to go at some time, and that is called 'the valley of the shadow of death.' But here too we find the shepherd is with his sheep, and although they cannot see him they can feel the guiding touch of his staff to keep them safely until they come out of the dark valley. You know that is what death is really like to anyone who has Jesus to go through the valley with him. In our lesson to-day we learn about someone who had gone right into this valley, he was one of Jesus' sheep, a man named Lazarus. Lazarus and his two sisters, Mary and Martha, lived in a little village called Bethany near Jerusalem. They all loved each other very much and loved Jesus too, and very often Jesus had gone and visited them in their home. Last Sunday, you know, we learned how angry the Jews were with Christ and how they tried to stone him, so that Jesus had to leave Jerusalem and go away into a quiet place. It was while he was here that he got news that his dear friend Lazarus was very ill.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The time between this and last Sunday's lesson was spent in Perea, and the two months so spent are therefore called the Perean ministry. Christ had escaped the anger of the Jews, not because he feared death, for his aim in coming from Galilee was to meet the death he expected, but because his time had not yet come and he would not prematurely expose himself to danger. The disciples were with him and from Thomas's gloomy remark (verse 16) it would appear that Christ had again been trying to prepare them for the coming trial. However, before the terrible strain on their faith which he saw his death would be in spite of all he could say, he desires to show them that he is nevertheless master of death; that it is truly only because he wills it (John x., 1. 18) that death has any power at all. This seems to be the only explanation of the seemingly strange delay (verse 6) after the receipt of the news. The great coming miracle was necessary to strengthen the faith of the depressed disciples (verse 15). The fact that this necessity had occasioned the sisters such sore grief would explain the Saviour's tears (verse 35). Death, which he knew already was in his power, as his use of the past tense in verse 41 would show, could have no terror, bring no sorrow to him. He knew what lay beyond, and that a passing from this life to be with God was nothing to grieve over, but the sore distress of the sisters, his friends, and the pitiful intimation that it was his own delay which had caused it must have moved the Saviour deeply. Even here where were his truest, most comprehending friends, he could not find perfect trust, but a wild abandonment of grief such as was customary in Palestine. He had had to cause the sisters pain, and the knowledge that it was so soon to turn to joy did not prevent his loving heart from bending under this burden.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Alike in its intrinsic importance, and in the effect it produced on the policy of the Sanhedrin, the raising of Lazarus may be regarded as the culmination of the Saviour's ministry. At first sight its absence from the Synoptic Gospels seems almost inexplicable. But we are less surprised at this when we remember (1) that the occurrence was not one which came within the cycle of events recorded in those Gospels, and (2) that they relate other miracles of a similar nature which are not contained in the Fourth Gospel (Mark v., 32; Luke vii., 11). It is also to be borne in mind that in the preaching of the Gospel the significance of this miracle was completely overshadowed by that of Christ's own resurrection and death. Then the hostility of the Jewish authorities, which this miracle did so much to intensify, may have rendered it advisable for some time not to give the episode a place in the teaching of the catechists, lest it should involve Lazarus and his sisters in continued persecution (xii., 10). In keeping with this is the fact that there is no mention of any member of the family by name either in Matthew or Mark, and although Luke introduces the names of the sisters into his narrative, he does not give the name of the village in which they resided (Luke x., 38). —J. A. McClymont, in the 'New Century Bible.'

Christ brought Life and Immortality to Light.—Whilst human instinct and reason declare for immortality, the subject at last is left in deep uncertainty. Whilst we listen to human reason and testimony we feel that it may be illogical, fanciful, mistaken, we may be the dupes of our imagination, it may be nothing more than guess work and illusion, all is vague, confused, unsatisfying. But when Christ comes all is changed. He makes eternity a fact; He looks, He breathes immortality. You cannot come into contact with Him without tasting the powers of the world to come, and feeling the eternal hope awake in your soul. He brought life and immortality to light. We pass from dubious twilight to clear day, to knowledge, assurance, hope. It is the same change that we witness when we see alchemy changed into chemistry, when we see astrology changed into astronomy; a vague, wavering, visionary speculation passes into a definite, demonstrated, fruitful science. In Christ the dream becomes a reality, the inference a certainty, the desire knowledge and experience. And Christ at last the race attains the clear consciousness of its high nature and its vast destiny.—W. L. Watkinson, Noon-day Addresses.

The greatest sorrow in life for beings like ourselves would be to have no sorrow.—William L. Watkinson.

If you would have the gift of sympathy you must be content to pay the price; like Him, you must suffer.—F. W. Robertson.

O love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

As we must spend time in cultivating earthly friendships if we are to have their blessings, so we must spend time in cultivating the companionship of Christ.—Henry Drummond.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Col. iii., 4; I. Cor. xv., 54, 55; Rom. xii., 15; Isa. liii., 3; Dan. xii., 2; II. Cor. i., 3; Matt. ix., 18, 19, 23-26; Luke vii., 11-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 12.—Topic—Temperance meeting: Lessons from the life of John B. Gough. II. Sam. xxii., 17-27.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, April 6.—Blessedness of humility. Prov. xvi., 19.

Tuesday, April 7.—Blessings for mourners. Isa. ix., 1-3.

Wednesday, April 8.—God's thought about the meek. I. Pet. iii., 4.

Thursday, April 9.—Blessings for the thirsty. Isa. lv., 1.

Friday, April 10.—God remembers the merciful. Heb. vi., 10.

Saturday, April 11.—Keep thyself pure. I. Tim. v., 22.

Sunday, April 12.—Topic—Lessons from the Beatitudes. Matt v., 1-12.

Stick to the Text!

Many a time we have listened to some speaker who rambled all around the subject, and left us at last with a feeling of having wasted our time and his own as well. There are men and women who think sticking to the text one of the first requisites in a minister, and yet they teach in the Sunday School in the most hit-or-miss fashion imaginable.

A young college student who is an enthusiast on the subject of art cannot teach a single lesson without bringing in the—to him—fascinating theme. It has grown to be a joke among the members of his class, and they speculate Sunday after Sunday as to how long he can talk without telling of the beauties of some work of art. It would probably astonish him greatly to know how many times he neglects the lesson to take up his favorite subject, but he is surely wasting his opportunities to work for the Master.—'S. S. Times.'

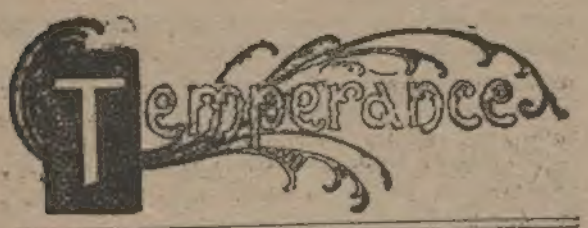
An Important Point.

Sabbath School teachers sometimes neglect the more spiritual features of the lesson. They do not press home the great need of the personal salvation of those committed to their care. The chief reason, doubtless, is a want of real heart experience on their own part. They often talk fluently and volubly on non essentials, while some of their scholars are sighing for the bread of heaven. A bright young girl remarked: 'Our Sabbath School teacher never talks about Jesus; she only asks the questions in the Book. I wish she would talk to us about becoming Christians.' Surely that teacher failed in real duty, and lacked in both mind and heart preparation.—'Christian Globe.'

The Superintendent.

The ideal superintendent is not a man necessarily of unusual talent in half a dozen different directions, but a man who realizes to the bottom the importance of Sunday School work, and who is willing to give himself to it. The time was when a man was chosen for the office of superintendent because he could 'talk well;' now, some schools make effort to select a man for superintendent who cannot 'talk well.' A superintendent who cannot talk, but can live and do things, is worth infinitely more than the one who can talk but who is weak and purposeless in Christian life and work.

Next to the work and discipline of the Sunday School hour comes the need of personally knowing the pupils and of encouraging sympathy and helpfulness among the workers. The teachers' meeting is opportunity for a superintendent coming into close touch with the individual teacher and his work, and opportunity also of mutual acquaintance and sympathy in the discussion of common interests.—'Ev. S. S. Teacher.'



An Opportunity.

(Mary Alice Booth, in the 'Christian.')

Have you told them how to trust Him?
  Have you said the time is 'now?'
Have you asked them, 'If not—why not?'
  They are longing, tell them 'how.'

Hungry souls are all around you,
  Longing for your words of cheer;
Won't you speak that word for Jesus?
  He has saved you from all fear.

Some are longing, longing, longing,
  You, you say, are satisfied!
Shall they go away still longing,
  When God brought them to your side?

Brought them so that YOU might help them
  By your lip and life to show
That the satisfying Jesus
  Is the 'ONE' you fully know.

They are hungry, thirsty, longing,
  Will you lead them to His side?
You are just the one to help them,
  You, you say, are satisfied.

Lose not chances of His blessing,
  God has placed you where you are;
He sends souls into your 'haven,'
  Friends from near and friends from far.

Do they see 'Him' in your conduct?
  Do they see 'His' power o'er you?
Will they praise the name of Jesus
  Just because you find Him true?

Alcohol and the Human Body.

About seven years ago Bennie Nichols, a fourteen-year-old schoolboy, was carelessly handling a gun. It was accidently discharged and a heavy charge passed through his arm, almost tearing it from the body, shattering the bone in several places and lacerating the flesh until it hung in strips from the bone. An old soldier who helped to care for the boy until the doctor could get there said he never saw as sickening a sight upon any battle field, or saw as fearfully a lacerated wound.

When the doctor came he made immediate preparations to amputate the arm. The boy begged piteously that it might not be cut off. Moved by his pleading, the physician took the father to one side and said to him: 'Mr. Nichols, if that were any other man's boy in this whole township I would amputate that arm at once as the only chance to escape blood poisoning. But I know you never touched beer, whiskey or tobacco in your life. You gave your boy pure blood, and you have brought him up in the same way. I take the chance. Watch him closely, and if blood poisoning appears we'll remove the arm at once.'

The boy's arm healed perfectly, though frightful scars will always mark it. Repeatedly the doctor has told him: 'Young man, you can thank your father for your good fortune. If there had been any alcohol taint there you'd have had but one arm now.' This boy is our own nephew, and we know these facts to be exactly as stated.

What was a total abstinence father worth to this boy?—'Temperance Paper.'

Faith and Works.

The following amusing story rightly illustrates the need of our work as the necessary proof of our faith. A little girl was greatly distressed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied, 'I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds.'

'Anything else?'

'Yes,' she said, 'I then prayed that God would prevent the birds from getting into the traps.'

'Yes, and anything further did you do?'

'Oh, then I went out and kicked all the traps to pieces.'—'Temperance Leader.'

Starting a Settlement.

James, George, William, Dick, Tom, Frank, Sam, and Tim Discuss the Formation of a New Settlement.

James: 'Let's play "Going out West and starting a new settlement. I will be the oldest man, and what they call a pioneer, and I will ask you all the questions, because we want none but good and useful people out there. Now, George, what will you be?'

George: 'I will be a farmer.'

James: 'That is tip-top to start with. We couldn't get along without grass and grain. We want bread and potatoes, and beef and mutton, and butter and cheese; so you are one of the most important men we can select for our settlement. Will, what will you be?'

William: 'Well, I guess I will be a carpenter.'

James: 'That comes just right, for we must have houses for ourselves, stables for our horses, and barns for our cows; besides, there will be gates and fences to make and mend. Dick, will you go out West with us?'

Dick: 'Yes, James, I will go and be a hunter.'

James: 'Well, you can shoot prairie chickens and wild ducks. Take one of Parker's shot-guns, and a fishing-rod, and a trap and a net, and you can supply us with game while we wait for George's corn and potatoes to grow. We will live like aldermen, but without their wine and brandy sauce and champagne suppers. Tom, what will you do?'

Tom: 'I wanted to be a hunter, but Dick has taken my place, so I guess I'll stay at home out there and be a shoemaker.'

James: 'Good! We shall want boots and shoes. I shouldn't like to go barefooted out there in the long, wild grass: the snakes might bite my feet. You must make Temperance boots. You know Drunken Jack Myers has snakes in his boots. I guess the reason was that his mouth, not the leather, was waterproof. Frank, you will go with us, won't you?'

Frank: 'Certainly, and I will be a tailor, next door to Tom, the shoemaker.'

James: 'As we are all teetotalers, we can afford to wear good clothes, and pay for them. What will you be, Sam?'

Sam: 'I guess I will follow my father's trade, and be a blacksmith.'

James: 'We want you to shoe our horses and mend our ploughs and threshing-machines. What will you be, Tim?'

Tim: 'I will keep a tavern.'

James: 'Will you keep a Temperance tavern?'

Tim: 'No, sir.'

James: 'Then you can't go with us, for we don't want any liquor sold in our new settlement.'

Tim: 'Why not?'

James: 'Because if we have a drink tavern we shall soon want a poor-house, and a nospital, and a jail; besides, your business will make the new settlers lazy and quarrelsome. If George drinks, he won't plough, and sow, and reap. If Bill drinks, he won't build our houses for us. If Dick drinks, he won't catch fish for us—he will be a 'sucker' himself. If Tom drinks, he won't make boots—if he does, the snakes will get into them. If Frank drinks, he won't make good clothes—his own habits will be bad. If Sam drinks, he won't do much blacksmithing. We want some of the girls to go with us, to teach school and keep house, and they won't go if we take a rum-seller along with us. No, Tim, drink is bad.

'It's bad for the brain, it's bad for the nerves,
For the man that buys and the man that serves;
It's bad for the eyes, and it's bad for the breath,
It's bad for life, and it's worse for death;
It's bad for the pocket, it's bad for the fame,
It's bad when often it bears no blame;
It's bad for the husband, it's bad for the wife;
It's bad for the strong, and it's bad for the weak,
For the sallow tinge that it lends to the cheek;
It's bad in the morning, it's bad at night,
Though the talk is loud, and the fire burns bright;
It's bad, for it leads from bad to worse—
'Tis not only bad, but a giant curse,
The poor man's bane, destruction's gate,
The shame of the Church, the blight of the State;
'Tis a poison fly, and its venemous sting
Makes all our glory a tainted thing.'

'Boys, let us put it to the vote. All in favor of having a drink-shop in our new settlement say, "Ay."'

(All shout 'No.')

'There, Tim, did you hear that? You can't go with us, unless you choose a better calling, because it will be there just as it is here at home. Here all the folks who frequent the tavern get poor. Why, I heard even the landlord say he would give all he is worth if his boys did not drink so hard.'—'Onward Reciter.'

Shall He Smoke.

A young man once asked Oliver Wendell Holmes a series of questions as to what he would advise a young man to do. One of these the doctor answered as follows: 'Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is likely to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will and enslave the nature to an impervious habit, likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed.'

The Man Who Voted for License.

An argument which was used in a 'no license' campaign in Alabama and elsewhere is given below:

From a Bushel of Corn the Distiller Gets Four Gallons of Whiskey.

Which retails at	$16.80
The farmer gets	.45
The U. S. Government gets	4.40
The railroad company gets	.80
The manufacturer gets	4.00
The drayman gets	.15
The retailer gets	7.00
The consumer gets	Drunk
The wife gets	Hunger
The children get	Rags
The politician gets	Office

The man that votes license gets What?

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest the bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.—Hab. ii., 15.

A Poster.

Here is a copy of a poster drawn up by a number of Danish physicians and put up at all railway stations throughout the country:—

TO THE DANISH PEOPLE.

Alcohol is a stupefying poison.

Alcohol is the cause of many mental diseases and most of the crimes.

Every seventh man in Denmark dies of drink.

In the struggle for Temperance, abstinence is the safest weapon.

If you wish to make your people happy increase their prosperity, build up their homes, advance the interests of your country, and make the race sound in body and in mind, become a total abstainer.

How True!

'If for ten years England could get rid of drink, she would by that time become such a paradise as men would hardly recognize.'

This statement by John Bright is as true to-day as when he uttered it.

'I am not much of a mathematician,' said the cigarette, 'but I can add to a youth's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, and I can divide his mental powers.'—Selected.

Correspondence

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We had a Christmas tree in our school, and I was in several pieces. I got some nice presents on the tree, among others a mouth-organ. I live on a farm. We got a new teacher after Christmas, and also a new minister two months ago.

WILLIAM CAIRNS.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers or sisters. All the pets I have are a pair of Fantail pigeons, and they are very nice ones, because they will eat out of my hand. I notice in the 'Messenger,' in Gertie Deldard's letter, where she says that all the letters of the alphabet are in the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, but I cannot find J.

FRED. McLAUGHLIN.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have been reading the letters in the 'Messenger' I thought I would write one. I have one little brother, who lives with his aunt and uncle, and I live with my aunt. My mother has been dead four years last November, and my father has been dead three years next April. I live in a very nice village. There are not any churches right in the village, but down below it there are two, Methodist and Presbyterian. I belong to the Methodist Church. I am 10 years old.

STELLA UTMAN.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no pets, but my brother has a little white Shetland pony. We have had her for eight years, and when strangers go near her she gets cranky, but we all love her very much. I think that the drawings in the 'Messenger' are very good. I think I will close now and hope to write soon again.

LAURA L. DENT.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I did not go to school in the summer, but started again this winter. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. I read it quite often when I am holding my little baby sister, who is only four months old.

MYRA E. WINGER (age 13).

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since it was first printed. I guess we get it in Sunday School now. I go to Sunday School nearly every Sunday and to day school too. I sit with Bernice F. We live one mile from church and school. We had a nice time at Christmas and the New Year. We live on a farm, and have lots of cows and horses, but no horse I can ride, or drive much. I have one pet cat that I call Schottische, and one old cat. She is fifteen years old, but is deaf this winter. Our dog is nice and we have lots of fun with him in the snow. We sometimes dress him up and put glasses on him, and he will wink at us. I think the answer to Lila Acorn's riddle (February 7th) is—The girl in the candy-store weighs candy. My birthday is on Easter Sunday this year.

KENNETH (age 7).

[Yes, Kenneth, your riddles have been asked before.—Ed.]

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like living on a farm. I go to school almost every day. The school-house is about three-quarters of a mile from our place. I like to go to school. My brother and I have a pair of rabbits. I go to Sunday School almost every Sunday. There is only an orchard between our house and the church. The railroad runs through our farm only about a half a dozen rods from the barn.

CYRUS WINGER.

N., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I did not go to church today, as it was too late for me to get ready to go. I have a bad cold. I don't think I will go to school to-morrow, as the snow is so deep. I don't think we can get through. I go every day I can. I saw some riddles in the 'Messenger,' but I don't think I know the answers.

VIOLET PLAIN (age 13).

W., Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School, and our teacher is lovely. It snowed a lot yesterday. I do not go to school, but I am taught at home. It is very pretty here, and I get lots of drives out into the country, as my father is a doctor. We have a good rink and I have hockey skates, so I go to skate often. Then we have great fun playing in the snow, and going in bathing, boating and camping in the summer.

RUTH STEVENSON (age 9).

T., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy twelve years old. My father is superintendent in the Sunday School. We get the 'Messenger. I think that I will quit school next summer. I have four brothers and two sisters, my youngest brother died last summer and we miss him very much. The Great Northern Railway is about five minutes' walk from our house and there are eight trains a day on it.

JAMES S. GILLIS.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We got a new teacher at Christmas and like her very much. She has taught in this school before. Our home is a mile from school. We generally drive in the winter. I am in the senior fourth book and intend to try the entrance in the summer. I like to go to school. My father has rented the farm, and the man is going to move here in March.

CORA M. DAY.

A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like the paper very much, and would miss it awfully if we stopped taking it. I am fourteen and am in the ninth grade. I like my teacher very much. The school is quite near our house. In the summer holidays I go out to visit at my aunt's.

B. C.

M., N.B.

Dear Editor,—My father is a filer. In M. there are three churches, a Baptist, Presbyterian, and a Methodist. I go to the Methodist. I go to the Methodist Sunday School. I am in the sixth grade at school and expect to grade this year. There is a rink here and I have only been to it once. I had a nice time skating. I only have a pair of spring skates, but the most of the boys have hockey skates.

DOUGLAS H. ATKINSON.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Faithful Friend.' Leta M. Mercer, M., Ont.
2. 'Wigwam.' Mina Macdonald, H., Man.
3. 'Grapes.' Eva Martin (age 9), Montreal.
4. 'House and Barn.' Florence McKenzie (age 13), F., Ont.
5. 'My Hand.' Fred. Cowan (age 12), O. S., Ont.
6. 'Rhododendron Leaf.' Robert Hendrie (age 10), R., Scotland.
7. 'Ontario, No. 1.' Cecil Huston (age 10), C., Ont.
8. 'A Barn.' A. E. P., Stratford, Ont.
9. 'Glories of the Farm Yard.' Finlay Milne (age 9), R., P. Que.
10. 'A Swan.' Mildred Wright, H., Ont.
11. 'Bunny.' Ethel A. Schuber (age 11), A., N.S.
12. 'Horse and Colt.' —— (age 14), Ottawa, Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Willie Brown, V. H., Ont., has a canary just as old as himself. Willie lives near a creek, and, of course, he fishes in the summer.

Leslie Holmes, S., Ont., lives in a splendid place for coasting, and there is also a great quantity of ice, which makes S. a very good town for sports of every kind.' Your riddles have been already asked, Leslie.

Fred. Cowan, O. S., Ont., says, 'We have finished playing hockey this season. Our school won the championship of the junior city hockey league of Ottawa.' He also says "The ice on the Rideau River is melting very fast. We expect to have a flood soon.' Your riddles also have been asked before, Fred.

Nellie Moffatt, B., Ont., has a 'friend who has a pony and in the summer we ride it and we have lots of fun.' Nellie asks 'What is it that is your own, but is used more often by others?'

Ernest Brown, V. H., Ont., has 'A little brother three years old and he is the pet of the house.'

Eva L. Howes, H., Ont., 'went fishing last summer and caught thirteen fish.' Your drawing will go in later, Eva.

Lawrence E. Allison, P., Ont., was a subscriber to the 'Messenger' when he was three years old. We hope you will like your new farm home, Lawrence.

Calvin W. Standen, O., Sask., has had 'lots of fun sleigh-riding. We had a rink in the back yard and a snow fort, too.'

Jessie A. Reid, D., Ont., is afraid we 'cannot get room for everybody's letters.' That's too true Jessie, and some very nice little ones sometimes have to be left out. Jessie is the baby in her family.

Frederick Ralph Burford, C. P., Ont., writes again and sends some more of his good drawings. Try one in ink next time, young artist, and see how you manage with that. Reading all the time,' are you? A good job you have good books to read.

Two little sisters, Lucia, and Ruth Hart, write from Winnipeg. They are looking forward to summer camping. We don't understand, girlies, what you mean about the buttons.

Robert A. Hendrie, Renfrew, Scotland, says his home is 'famed for its dredger-building. The dredges go to nearly every part of the world.'

A. Ivan Lane, M., Ont., has 'a colt called "Prince." I ride him horseback and carry the mail around to the neighbors.' Your answer is not right, Ivan.

We also received short letters from George Bennett, V. H., Ont., who once 'had a pet goat named Billy,' but he doesn't say what happened to him; from Lillian Atkinson, M., N.S.; Norman C. Gould, H., N.S.; Merrick McKay, L., Ont.; Bluebell, Caledon, Ont.; Tena M. Pierce, F. G., N.S.; Lloyd Mollins, R. G., N.B.; Muriel W., P. C., Ont.; Robert I. Warcup, M., P. Que., and Lizzie Hartley, O. S., Ont. The riddles in these have been asked before.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Enduring.

A misty memory—faint, far away
And vague and dim as childhood's long-lost day—
For ever haunts and holds me with a spell
Of awe and wonder indefinable:—
A grimy old engraving tacked upon
A shoeshop wall.—An ancient temple, drawn
Of crumbling granite, sagging portico
And grey, forbidding gateway, grim as woe;
And o'er the portal, cut in antique line
The words—cut likewise in this brain of mine—
'Wouldst have a friend?—wouldst know what friend is best?
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest.'

Again the old shoemaker pounds and pounds
Resentfully, as the loud laugh resounds
And the coarse jest is bandied round the throng
That smokes about the smouldering stove; and long,
Tempestuous disputes arise, and then—
Even as all like discords—die again;
The while a barefoot boy gravely heeds
The quaint old picture, and tiptoeing reads
There in the rainy gloom the legend o'er
The lowering portal of the old church door—
'Wouldst have a friend?—wouldst know what friend is best?
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest.'

So older—older—older, year by year,
The boy has grown, that now, an old man here,
He seems a part of Allegory, where
He stands before Life as the old print there—
Still awed, and marvelling what light must be
Hid by the door that bars Futurity:—
Though, ever clearer than with eyes of youth,
He reads with his old eyes—and tears forsooth—
'Wouldst have a friend?—wouldst know what friend is best?
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest.'

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Peggy's Mansion.

(By Daisy May Twort, in the 'Morning Star.')

Service was just over at the Sunshine Mission, and out through the door trooped the children—children with pale, pinched faces and tangled hair, children who never had known the comfort of a mother's love or a father's tender solicitude.

It was a day in early spring, and the sharp wind blew about them, making sport of their ragged clothes, and causing their bare little feet to turn blue with cold.

Somewhat apart from the others, walked a little girl whose face, though pinched and old, told of a sensitive soul within, created for finer environments. Close beside her was a tall, half-starved looking boy whose shoulders drooped, as if burdens too heavy for childhood had fallen upon them, but whose brave brown eyes flashed defiance at poverty and sin.

For a time they walked along in silence; then, as they left the sound of the other children's voices far behind them, the little girl found expression for the grievance which had been welling up in her soul ever since she left the mission.

'Dan,' she said, 'I ain't goin' t' heaven, after all.'

'Not goin' t' heaven, Peg?'

Such a world of concern as there was in Dan's tones!

'What's up now; is it old Nance agin?'

'No; 'tain't her at all. Didn't yer hear what the preacher said this morning about them mansions; how they was jest like them swell houses on the Berlin Road? I always thought heaven would be four rooms like Granny O'Toole's, with maybe a piece o' green carpet in one of 'em like that the preacher stands on at the mission, and a white flower growin' in a pot in one o' the winders.

'I shouldn't be 'fraid in a place like that, for Granny O'Toole says: "Do jest as yer want to, dear; them little hands couldn't hurt a fly!" But we don't know nothin' 'bout them swell places, and we ain't got no chance to learn. We always should be gettin' into the wrong places, and the angels would scowl at us, and say, "Little children, ye're in my mansion," same's the lovely lady in the blue dress did the day we went to the big church, and sat in the wrong seat. 'Taint no use, Dan, I guess heaven's made for the rich folks after all, like 'tis down here.' And Peggy's voice broke in a pathetic little sob.

'Angels don't scowl, Peg,' Dan said, simply, because he could think of no better consolation to offer just then. 'That's why they let 'em be angels, 'cause the scowl was taken out of 'em 'fore they went t' heaven.'

'Angels' picters is always thin,' Peggy said reflectively. 'Do yer 'spose they had so much scowl taken out of 'em there wasn't much left? Think how old Nance looks when she's mad.'

'Old Nance!'—Dan's tones were derisive—'she won't ever be an angel, Peg—don't yer think it.'

'She could, if she wanted to; the preacher said so. I used to be 'fraid she'd want to be one; but, as long's I ain't goin' t' heaven, I don't care.'

There was a hopeless note in Peg's voice that made Dan look sober.

He knew better than anyone else could possibly know, what a loss it would be to her barren life, if she no longer could feast her beauty-starved soul on visions of that home above where all the children are gathered beneath a loving Father's care.

How many weary, hungry nights they had sat together on the rickety steps of the tenement block, where little Peg lived with old drunken Nance, and dreamed happy dreams, and painted bright pictures of that 'Home of the Soul' which was the only fairyland of which these children had ever heard!

Suddenly, the light of a great inspiration flashed into Dan's face.

'I'll tell you what we'll do, Peg! We'll go right up t' the Berlin Road, and look at them swell places. Maybe, they ain't so mighty fine, after all. We can get used to the outside of 'em, and then, when we go t' heaven, like as not we can stay 'round out doors. I bet 'twould be more comfortable anyhow! There's always trees and fountains and such things alongside of them houses, and we can look at 'em jest as often as we want to, if the cop ain't 'round.'

A look of intense relief came to Peggy's white face, as she readily assented to Dan's idea.

'Ain't had no dinner, hev yer?' Dan inquired with a solicitous glance at Peggy.

'No, but 'tain't any use goin' back for any; the lady didn't pay me last night, and old Nance said I needn't expect anything t' eat to-day.'

At this, Dan's thin fingers went promptly into his pocket, only to come out as empty as they had gone in.

'I ain't hungry,' Peggy said reassuringly, as she noted his movement.

'Let's pretend as we go along,' and drawing her thin shawl about her with what she described as a 'rich air,' and assuming a squeaky little tone to give more zest to the pitiful pretence, she said to Dan, 'And what are yer to hev for yer dinner, to-day, Mr. Dayly?'

Dan looked at Peg admiringly.

'Ye'd make a fine 'ristocrat, Peg,' he said. 'What am I goin' t' hev t' eat? Let's see. Two loaves o' hot bread, an' a whole pound o' butter.'

'O, Dan!' Peggy cried reproachfully. 'That's not pretendin' good! We're rich folks now! Don't yer know them beautiful pies with soft, fluffy stuff on top? Yer ought t' hev one o' them. I've seen 'em in the bakery winder lots o' times.'

'That's cream on the top; I never tasted it, an' would ruther hev the bread,' Dan declared with that aversion to the unknown that wiser heads than his have manifested.

'I wouldn't. An' yer musn't call me Peg while we're pretendin'. Yer mother says my real name is Margaret Hayden, an' yer must call me that now. I'm goin' t' hev one o' them pies with the white cream on top, and a turkey same's we had at the mission last Christmas, an' some o' them cookies that they hev at Matthers' Bakery—the lasses cookies; that's what I'm goin' to hev, Mr. Dayly. Isn't it nice to be rich? I saw some poor little children to-day that had t' jest pretend dinner; ain't yer awful glad it wasn't us?'

It was a long, long walk from the dirty alleys and ill-smelling courts of the lower part of the town to the great, white road along which were to be found the handsome residences of the moneyed men of Shelton; but so engrossed were the children in all that they saw that they quite forgot their hunger and weariness.

The first house before which they stopped stood among tall trees and flowering shrubbery.

'There! didn't I tell yer, Peg!' Dan cried triumphantly. 'My! but it would be rich livin' out there now, wouldn't it? Enough sight better them bushes are than Granny O'Toole's geraniums, ain't they? Like's not there's a fountain somewhere in back, one of them high spouters.'

Peggy's bright eyes shone with anticipation as they peered up through the elm-arched driveway in hopes of getting a view of the wonderful fountain; but the hope was vain, and with a sigh of disappointment the little girl turned away.

The next house, though worth many thousands, and looked upon by its owner as an architectural triumph, did not appeal to Peggy in the least; it was too gloomy and forbidding to typify a heavenly mansion.

Thus, one after another, the beautiful homes on the Berlin road were subjected to the children's keen criticism; but it was not until they reached young Lawton Mede's magnificent dwelling that Peggy paused enraptured.

With a quaint little gesture, she placed her hand over her heart and drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

'This is the place the preacher meant, Dan!' she cried; 'let's stop awhile and look at it.'

When Lawton Mede asked the fair young girl who was soon to become his bride what manner of house he should build, she had replied, 'Not an ordinary house like everybody's; make it like the fairy palaces of which we used to read when we were children.'

To satisfy his sweetheart's desire, Lawton Mede had studied long and travelled far in many lands; he had gazed upon the pagodas of China, the temples of Greece and the amphitheatres of Rome, until something of the thought which inspired their builders crept into his soul, and later found expression in the plans which he laid before the architect. Love and skill and money had, at last, achieved triumph, and the beautiful home to which Lawton Mede brought his bride was the marvel of many lands.

What wonder, then, that little Peggy found her beauty-loving soul satisfied when she stood before this fairy palace?

Dan watched the ecstatic look on her face with keen delight.

'The gate's open, and there ain't no one lookin'; we might go in a minute.'

The boldness of this proposition fairly took away Peggy's breath.

'Oh! d' yer think we might, Dan?'

Dan's only answer was to pass in through the high gateway, and call to Peggy to follow.

So absorbed were the children in the beauty which surrounded them, that they did not hear the sound of footsteps or recognize another presence, until Lawton Mede spoke to them in a stern but quiet voice.

'What are you doing here? Do you not know that you are trespassing?'

'We ain't hurtin' nothin',' Dan said almost defiantly, moving a step nearer to Peggy as though to protect her.

Little Peggy, however, seemed not in the least disconcerted by the sudden appearance of the owner of all this magnificence. With a sweet, confiding smile, she glanced up into the young man's face.

'Oh! if you please, sir,' she cried, 'we've hunted so long to' find th' swell place th' preacher said them heavenly mansions was like; and now we've jest found it!'

Lawton Mede had received many extra-

vagant compliments on his beautiful home, but not one that could touch little Peggy's for genuineness and appreciation, and it was not all flattered vanity that led him to say, after he had listened to Dan's story of Peggy's disappointment:

'Since the outside is so pleasing to you, suppose we all go inside and see if that comes up to your idea of what heavenly architecture should be.'

Neither Dan nor Peggy knew what 'heavenly architecture' meant, but they understood the friendliness and sincerity of the young man's tones, and Peggy was simply speechless with joy.

At the door of the house, there stood its beautiful mistress; she looked down upon the children with amazement, but a few low-spoken words from her husband brought a gracious smile and pleasant greetings to her lips.

Upstairs and down, all over that wonderful house, went the strange little company, Lawton Mede and his wife doing their best to make the children feel at home while they gazed upon the wonders of that fairy palace.

Peggy's eyes seemed to open wider and wider, but she was very quiet, except now and then when her wonder and happiness fairly bubbled over.

When they reached the music room Mrs. Mede seated herself at the piano, and softly touching the keys played some sweet quaint airs which drew Peggy in speechless rapture to the wonderful 'origin' as she called it.

By and by the beautiful lady who had a brother about Dan's age, and who knew what boys like best, dashed off some lively, rollicking tunes which made Dan's face beam with appreciation.

'Jim Cracky! that's as good's old Pete's hurdy gurdy!' he exclaimed when the music died away; and Mrs. Mede, whose genius had held entranced audiences of wealth and refinement, knew enough about boys to realize that she had scored a triumph.

Last of all came the dining room, and dinner more marvellous than any of which Peggy had ever dreamed.

What they ate the children could not tell, they knew only that there was an abundance of it, and that the dishes in which it was served were very beautiful.

As they arose from the table, Mr. Mede said to them with a smile of rare kindliness:

'We would be glad to have you take home with you some little reminder of your visit. Have you seen anything in the house that you would like to have for your own?'

It was Dan who spoke first—dear, unselfish Dan, whose first thought for many a day had been for his mother, that dear mother who was fast approaching those very mansions which were the source of such anxiety to poor, little Peggy.

'If yer would only let me hev one o' them big oranges for mother, I'd thank yer jest awful. Dad used t' get 'em for her, but I can't earn enough to buy 'em much now—there's the kids, yer know.'

Certainly, he should have an orange, Mr. Mede assured him; and Dan wondered why it took so large a basket to hold one orange, as the heavy market basket which he tugged home that night.

And what would little Peggy have? Poor little Peggy! She had no one for whom she might think first; there was just her lonely little self. Her choice, however, was made as quickly as Dan's had been.

'Oh! d'yer really mean it?' she cried. 'There's jest the prettiest picter upstairs in the room where the lovely origin is!—yer wouldn't let me hev that t' take back with me, would yer?'

Mr. Mede gave a start of surprise.

In the music room hung the picture which of all his valuable collection he prized the most; it was 'Ballast Haulers.' How could he know that a child like Peggy would fix her heart upon that? He realized, as did Jephtha of old, that he had spoken rashly, but he turned to Peggy and said quietly:

'Let us go upstairs and see what picture it is that you would like.'

Mrs. Mede looked at him wonderingly, but she led the way once more to the beautiful music room.

'Is this the picture?' Mr. Mede asked, touching the frame of his treasured painting.

Peggy shook her head, and turning to a small table, timidly held up to view a picture of Mrs. Mede. A cloud passed over her husband's face, and the words of refusal were upon his lips, when Mrs. Mede herself said with a tender smile:

'Of course, she may have it, if she wishes it.' And Peggy wondered why there were tears in the beautiful lady's eyes, when she bade them both good bye.

Once outside, the children's tongues ran freely, discussing this most wonderful adventure, until, as they neared the dirty courts and alleys where their lives were spent, Peggy became thoughtful.

Suddenly, she said with decision in her voice:

'I am going to heaven, Dan; and I'm sure there'll be a beautiful, shining angel waitin' at the door of our mansion t' show us 'bout things jest as the pretty lady did t'day; and I shan't be 'fraid a' tall.'

The years went on, and on; and one day, Margaret Hayden, little Peg still to those who loved her best, passed down through the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death.'

Instead of the shimmering angel which her childish fancy had painted, there at the gate of heaven, waiting to welcome her Home, stood the Christ Himself; and strangely familiar to little Peg were the 'many mansions' in the 'Father's House' for, through all the days of a long earth journey, God's will had been done in her life, even as it is done in heaven.

The Hero of an Earthquake.

It is a beautiful story which Lafcadio Hearn tells of an old man whose great deeds belong to Japanese history. His name was Hamaguchi, and his farmhouse stood on the verge of a small plateau overlooking the bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly-wooded summits; and from the outer verge the land sloped down to the sea. Below were ninety thatched dwellings and a temple; these composed the village.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from his balcony on the preparations for some merrymaking in the hamlet below. All the villagers were out, and he would have gone with them had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

Suddenly there came an earthquake shock, not a strong one; but Hamaguchi, who had felt many before this, recognized its long, spongy motion. As the quaking ceased he chanced to look toward the sea, and there he saw the strangest possible sight; it seemed to be running away from the land.

Apparently the whole village had noticed it, for the people stood still in wonderment: only Hamaguchi drew any conclusions from the phenomenon, and guessed what the sea would do next. He called his little grandson, a lad of 10, the only one of the family left with him.

'Tada! Quick! Light me a torch!'

The child kindled a pine torch, and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice stacks stood ready for transportation. One by one he lighted them in haste, and they caught like tinder, sending skywards masses of smoke that met and mingled in one cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, weeping and calling, 'Why? why? why?'

Hamaguchi did not answer; he thought only of 400 lives in peril. He watched for the people, and in a moment they came swarming up from the village like ants.

And still the sea was fleeing towards the horizon. The first party of succour arrived, a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once; but Hamaguchi, stretching out both his arms, stopped them.

'Let it burn, lads!' he commanded. 'Let it be. I want the whole village here.'

The whole village came, mothers and children last of all, drawn by concern and curiosity.

'Grandfather is mad! I am afraid of him,' sobbed little Tada. 'He set fire to the rice on purpose. I saw him do it.'

'As for the rice,' said Hamaguchi, 'the child tells the truth. I set fire to it. Are all the people here?'

'All are here,' was the answer. 'But we cannot understand this thing.'

'See!' cried the old man, at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. 'Say if I be mad!'

It was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing swifter than the kite. There was a shock, heavier than thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore, with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning.

Then a white horror of sea raved over the village itself. It drew back, roaring and tearing out the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times it struck and ebbed, each time with lesser surges, and then it returned to its ancient bed, and stayed there, although still raging. Of all the homes about the bay nothing remained but two straw roofs, tossing madly in the offing.

All were dumb, until Hamaguchi observed gently, 'That was why I set fire to the rice.'

He was now as poor as the poorest in all the village, but he had saved 400 lives.—Selected.

Seen in a Mirror.

'Oh, you beautiful old mirror! I can see my whole length in you!' The fair guest did indeed see a charming vision as she revolved gracefully and gayly in front of the family heir-loom that had just been sent them. But when Sue, who was pale and stoop-shouldered for lack of the exercise she would forget to take, revolved before that mirror, the vision was not so fair. The child turned, and, running, to get her tiny dumb-bells, cried out, 'Now I will be straight!'

And she was straight in a very few months. Seeing herself daily in the great mirror did for her what mere admonition had never done.

In order to awaken a desire for improvement, we need to see ourselves as we are. If many only could realize what a hideous moral impression they make on others, they would try to straighten up. What we need is a mirror which will faithfully reveal our faults. A faithful friend or a wise father or mother is such a mirror, but the Word of God is one still better. Look into that carefully and with the determination to be unsparingly honest with yourself, and see how manifest your defects will be.—'Wellspring.'

No Reason at All.

A famous English gardener once heard a nobleman say complainingly: 'I cannot have a rose garden, though I have often tried, because the soil around my castle is too poor for roses.'

'That is no reason at all,' replied the gardener. 'You must go to work and make it better. Any ground can be made fit for roses if pains are taken to prepare it. The poorest soil can be made rich.'

It was a wise saying, and it is true in other places than rose gardens. Some young people say, 'I can't be cheerful,' or 'I can't be sweet-tempered,' or 'I can't be forgiving,' as if they were not responsible for the growths in their soul garden because the soil is poor. But 'any ground can be made fit for roses,' and any heart can be made fit for the loveliest blossoms of character.—'Young People.'

The Borrowed Inkstand.

(Mary Whiting Adams.)

In the biography of Henry Clay Trumbull, the noted Sunday school worker and editor, this incident is told of him in his twenty-first year, when he left home to go into a railroad office. In the engineering department, where he worked, the young clerks had fallen into the habit of borrowing an inkstand containing a special kind of ink, from the chief engineer's desk, when he did not happen to be there. Henry, coming in among them, new to the ropes, thought this was one of the office methods, and had taken the inkstand one day when the chief, Mr. Ashburner, missed it from his desk.

'Henry,' said Mr. Ashburner, emphatically, when the inkstand had been hunted up, 'I want that inkstand to remain on my desk at all times. You must never take it away.'

'I'll bear that in mind, sir,' was the answer.

Henry did bear it in mind. He never borrowed the inkstand again. But the other

clerks were not so scrupulous, and a few days afterwards Mr. Ashburner missed his inkstand again. Stepping to the door of the clerk's room, he called sharply:—

'Henry!'

Henry came at once.

'What did I tell you about that inkstand?'

'You told me not to take it away again.'

'Yes, and I meant it. Now, bring it to me at once!'

Henry went back into the clerk's room, lifted the inkstand from the desk of the clerk who was using it, and carried it to the chief. Mr. Ashburner frowned severely at him. 'Never let this happen again, Henry!' he said.

'I'll bear in mind what you say, sir,' was Henry's quiet reply. The clerk who had been to blame kept silent about it for a while. Then the manliness in him came to the top, and he went to Mr. Ashburner, and exonerated Henry, who was immediately summoned.

'Why didn't you tell me this morning that you hadn't taken that inkstand?' the chief engineer said, looking troubled.

'You didn't ask me, sir,' said Henry. Mr. Ashburner was nonplussed. Here was a youth who would not put blame on others, and who did not resent unjust blame himself. The chief apologized to him, and he was not surprised in later life, when his young clerk became famous as war chaplain, Sunday School organizer, writer, and editor, for he had seen the foundations laid, in that dingy office, of a brave, patient, high-minded manhood.—The 'S. S. Visitor.'

Some Questions for You.

(By J. W. Foley.)

Do you come nearer day by day
To the port where your dreams all anchored lie?
Or do you sail farther and far away
In an angry sea with a sullen sky?
Do you come nearer the Ought-to-be
In the waggon you hitched to a distant star?
Or do you drift on hopelessly,
Content to bide with the Things-that-are?

Are you a Drone or a Do-it-now?
A Hurry-up or a Wait-a-while?
A Do-it-so or an Anyhow?
A Cheer-up-boys or a Never-smile?
It's none of my business, that I know,
For you are the captain and mate and crew
Of that ship of yours, but the Where-you-go
Depends on the What-and-how-you-do.

Tom and the Toad.

Our dead old cat Tom used to catch mice and birds to please himself. I am sorry to say he would bring down fine large blackbirds seemingly for mere sport, for he left them

untouched on the grass plat. But Tom was not selfish, and when he had thus provided for his own amusement he thought about his mistress. He would deposit his blackbird on the grass, and walk in a slow and stately manner to the end of the garden, waving his tail as he went and purring loudly.

Presently he came back, and if his mistress had not waited for him, he would follow her indoors, and solemnly deposit a toad or a frog at her feet, his eyes round and glaring, and his tail as stiff as a poker. The poor creatures used to squeak piteously, but Tom never hurt them, they used to hop away into the garden again as nimbly as if nothing had happened.—'Chatterbox.'

The Turning Point.

Franklin Pierce was widely celebrated for superior intellect, scholarly eloquence and painstaking examination of detail. Yet, in his youth he was not at all fond of study. Although a fair scholar without any particular effort on his part, he preferred various athletic sports to study. Nevertheless, his father, Benjamin Pierce, had early detected the signs of ability in this his favorite son, and determined that this boy should have the advantages of a good education. Franklin was accordingly withdrawn from the village school at Hillsboro and sent to Hancock and Francestown, then to Exeter, where he prepared for college. In 1820 he entered Bowdoin College, at the age of sixteen.

The boy Franklin was a tender-hearted, affectionate lad, and very fond of his home; and for some time after his arrival in Hancock was exceedingly homesick. It seemed to him that he could never bear the strange, new life there. At last he decided to run away home. He arrived at Hillsboro one Sunday morning, while part of the family was at church. His father, however, was at home, and met the fugitive at the door, but without any signs of welcome.

'Why have you come home, Frank,' he asked.

The boy was always truthful, and he did not flinch now. He answered simply, 'I was homesick.'

Without a word of reproach to his son, Governor Pierce sent for the coachman. 'James,' he said, 'take the gray mare and the chaise and carry Frank half the way back to Hancock. He will walk the rest of the way.'

The order was carried out to the letter, and Franklin was set down in the middle of a piece of dense woods. It would be of no use to disobey his father again. Franklin knew him too well for that. Dejectedly the boy turned his face towards Hancock, and trudged along, mile after mile. The afternoon was waning, and the shadows in the woods were growing longer and longer. To add to his discomfort, a heavy thundershower was coming up; the first great drops of rain were already splashing down upon him. Presently the rain came down in torrents and drenched him to the skin; but he kept bravely on.

Late in the evening he reached his boarding-place in Hancock, footsore, tired, hungry, wet, but with a new determination in his mind. He would never give up in anything, however hard, again. In speaking in later years of the experience, he said, 'I am convinced that it was the turning point of my life, and I have always thanked my father for his firmness.'—'Ram's Horn.'

The Man Who is Square.

The most valuable asset a man can have in this world is a good reputation. The best kind of a reputation that he can have is that of being 'square.' For a business man there is no better advertisement. For any man or woman there is no possession that can be turned to greater profit, writes Graham Hood, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.'

Of course, theoretically, the question of profit and loss should not enter into the case when it is a degree of virtue that is to be determined. Looking at the matter from a purely ethical point of view, we should be good and honest and square because these are some of the noblest qualities that it is possible for man to possess. In other words, individual success in the attainment of one of the great virtues should be sufficient reward; and yet, fortunately for our material success, such virtues bring other rewards, however unwilling we may be to admit that we are influenced by them.

For example, we know that the good man enjoys a degree of respect that a bad man cannot hope to attain, however successful he may be in some things. We realize, too, that it is honesty that inspires the world's confidence—that degree of confidence that helps to make every great success—whereas dishonesty is certain to awaken distrust. It may play the part of honesty for a time, assuming its distinctive garb and its general appearance, but, sooner or later, the mask is sure to fall, and the dishonest man is certain to be revealed.

So far as a designating term is concerned, the reputation for being 'square' covers most of the commercial virtues and many of the other good qualities to which most men aspire, just as the reputation for being 'crooked' embraces a multitude of sins. Thus, to be 'square' means to be honest, to be just, to be charitable—in fact, there are few sins or offenses against another that could possibly be

committed by a man who is genuinely 'square.'

It is because of this fact that the reputation for being a 'square man' is so much to be desired. Business men appreciate it. They know that, though they may advertise most impressively, using enormous quantities of ink and paper, the effect will practically be lost if the public has lost confidence in them. To make an advertisement effective it must strike the note of confidence in the mind of the reader, and if by some mischance that confidence has been so thoroughly destroyed that it cannot be reawakened the most promising assurances will mean nothing to such a person.

I doubt if there are any of us who cannot recall similar instances within the scope of our own experiences. How often we hear men or women say: 'Oh, I will not take the trouble to look up that bargain because Dash & Blank's advertisements can never be credited. They offer these bargains to attract people to the store, but when you get there you find that the goods have all been sold or that they are of such inferior quality that no sensible person would ever buy them.'

In other words, we won't trade with Dash & Blank because we have found that they were not 'square,' and we exercise this right of declining to have anything to do with people who come within this category. If we find that a shopkeeper has deliberately imposed upon us we stop going to his place of business; if we find that a friend has proved false to the trust that we reposed in him we promptly drop his acquaintance; if we earn that anybody has been 'crooked' in his dealings with us we avoid him in the future. This is our privilege, and the most of us usually exercise it.

And the moral of all this is very clear. It shows that success—or the right kind of genuine success—is actually based upon square dealing. Thus, to attain success—and that is the ambition that inspires most of us—we must deal squarely. To deal squarely is synonymous to carrying out the principles laid down in the Golden Rule, for if we persist in doing unto others precisely as we would have them do unto us we are apt to shape our lives after a pretty 'square' model.

Borrowing.

'Lucy, where is my wheelbarrow? Do you know? Has anyone borrowed it? I thought it was right here in the tool house, and the spade is gone too. Do you know anything about them?'

'Why, no, sir. O, yes, don't you remember? Mr. Wilkins borrowed the barrow several weeks ago, and I don't remember his returning it; and Mrs. Lukins borrowed the spade last week, she wanted to get ahead of the rainy weather, in fixing her flower beds.'

'Well, that's aggravating! It always seems to me I have to waste half my time getting thing together when I have a chance to do a little work. I wish you would send Lily after them, I'd go myself but I'm somewhat riled, and am afraid I'll say something,' and Mr. Stuben, trying to curb his temper walked into the tool house.

Mrs. Stuben sent her daughter for the borrowed articles.

Lily demurred. 'Why can't people return things? Mr. Wilkins wanted the wheel-barrow only for a half hour or so, and here it is lengthened to weeks, and the spade was to be returned as soon as Mrs. Lukins was done with it. And what do you think? Mother, I saw the step-ladder Tommy Swift borrowed, I saw the step-ladder Tommy Swift borrowed, "only for half an hour," out in the rain yesterday leaning against the house. While I'm about it I'll stop and ask Tommy if he is through with it, if so please bring it home.'

Lily started off good naturedly, and soon returned with the barrow and spade. Mr. Wilkins was very sorry; he had intended returning the barrow right away, but was so tired when he had finished his work, he thought he'd rest a while, and then he forgot it entirely. Mrs. Lukins wanted to use the spade again in a few days and thought we would send for it if we needed it. I told Tommy that was no way to treat his friends.

It is nice to be able to accommodate one in need, and most of us are more than glad when opportunity offers for conferring favors; but I think we all resent being made a convenience. I have known women who seem to prefer borrowing to buying, and the chronic borrower is generally rather slow about returning what is loaned. But the worst of all borrowers is the one who forgets all about it, and never 'pays back.' Often the article loaned is not needed by the owner at the time of lending, but the time comes when she does need it, and needs it bad. It is extremely aggravating to be obliged to pick up the baby and go after it, maybe to find the borrower gone, the house locked up, and the article out of reach.

If we must borrow, let us see that the owner suffers no inconvenience in consequence. Keep the article only so long as is necessary and see that it is returned in as good condition as found.

If called on to loan books, it is well to see that your name is in the book, and then make a note of whom it is loaned to, or you may fail in getting it, as I have on several occasions. Some years ago, my husband loaned General Booth's book, 'Darkest England,' to a friend who subsequently died. After several months I asked the wife for it; she said she would look it up; after a few days I saw her and she said it was on an upper shelf of a bookcase, and when she had house cleaning done she would send it over. It never came.

I loaned another book which was not returned for a long time; not indeed until I had gone into the borrower's house and seen it on the floor among her little girl's playthings.

Several books I have lost all traces of; one in particular, which the family had not read. After a reasonable time I asked for it, the lady to whom I thought I had loaned it, told me she never had it. I inquired wherever I thought it probable it could be, but have never found it.

It is all right to borrow, but all wrong to not return, or to keep things so long as to cause annoyance to your friends.—Aunt Kate in 'Indiana Farmer.'

An Armful of Grandmother.

'Now, ma'am, come if you're coming. Car's late. Here, I'll h'ist ye,' said the conductor to a hesitating little old woman, whom he promptly proceeded to 'h'ist.' But she gave a little cry of pain, and he let go his hold.

'I—I guess I'll have to give it up,' she murmured. 'My rheumatiz is extry bad, and that step doos seem extry high!'

As he turned away to attend to a breathless and belated family, laden with babies and bundles, a strapping young fellow in a gay initialed sweater swung down to her side.

'Let me pick you right up, and I can put you aboard easy,' he declared; and a moment later she was safely established in her seat, smiling and straightening her bonnet.

'That was real good of ye, and now I'm all right. My son's to meet me tother end o' the line,' she announced, gratefully. 'Well, boys are mighty nice sometimes, and I guess your ma thinks so.'

But she was not all right yet; for there had been a washout on the main line, and it was presently learned that a roundabout route was to be followed, involving several changes of cars. 'My chum'll see to you,' the boy reassured her as he got off; and at the first change the chum did so.

Before the next change he, too, and all her fellow passengers but a few girls had left; and the conductor was small, sickly and cross. She hesitated painfully on the high step, thrusting out a tentative foot, but unable either to jump or scramble so far. Suddenly one of the dispersing girls, a fine, tanned young creature with a golf-stick, turned back and held out her arms.

'But you couldn't—I can't—you'll drop me?' gasped the little old lady, in transit; then admiringly and amazedly, 'Well, who'd ha' thought it! Me carried by a gal!'

'You won't be next time, and you wouldn't this if we'd known,' struck in a workman in the new car, leaning forward. 'Don't you worry, ma'am. We'll see to her, miss; and if we get off first, why, we'll pass the word along. Any fellow's willing to take an armful o' grandmother; that's of course!'

The girl smiled; the old lady waved; the car went on. When, at the end of the long trip, the interested passengers beheld a six-foot son, with a prancing small boy at his coat-tails, lift a tired old woman once more and set her carefully on the ground, they also heard him growl something about a shaky company, and old-pattern cars, and steps a mile high; but they caught the answer, too.

What do We Plant?

(Henry Abbey.)

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

What is it Keeping You From?

There is food for thought in the following paragraph from a sermon by the late Bishop Phillips Brooks: 'Every now and then a conscience among the men and women who live easy, thoughtless lives, is stirred, and some one looks up anxiously, holding up some of the petty idleness in which such people spend their days and nights, and says: "Is this wrong? Is it wicked to do this?" And when they get this answer, "No, certainly not wicked," then they go back and give their whole lives up to doing their innocent little piece of uselessness again.

Ah! the question is not whether that is wicked, whether God will punish you for doing that. The question is whether that thing is keeping other better things from you, whether behind its little bulk the vast privilege and dignity of duty is hid from you; whether it stands between God and your soul. If it does, then it is an offense to you, and, though, it be your right hand or right eye, cut it off, pluck it out, and cast it from you.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL.

EASTER NUMBER.

The April issue of the ever-popular 'Canadian Pictorial' may well stir with pride the heart of a true Canadian. The 'Noted Canadian of the Month' is the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, Sir Daniel McMillan, and a picture of Lady McMillan is given in the Woman's section. Winter scenes of varied beauty, including Ice Formation on Lake Huron, the Muskrat's Winter Home, exquisite views, just taken of Niagara, in Winter Garb, well represent the season in which Canadians delight, while scenes of budding Spring are not wanting. A couple of fine pictures show Ontario's two great Hydraulic Lift Locks at Kirkfield and Peterboro, either of which has twice the capacity of the largest work of the kind anywhere else in the world. Another picture is of Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame, who grew up in Canada, and installed his first working telephone in Brantford. A remarkable view, taken seven hundred feet underground, shows a couple of brawny miners in an Ontario gold mine near Kenora, and the new electric engines on the G.T.R. for the St. Clair tunnel will be of special interest. Besides these, and many other Canadian pictures, there are pictures from across the water, such as a huge English Telegraph Exchange, the Thames Frozen Over a winsome group of a schoolmistress at 85, and her pupils, etc., etc.—all of them of interest to Canadians.

Weddings of the Month, Fashions, Toilet Hints, Care of the Baby, Wit and Humor, News in Brief serve to complete a delightful number. The 'Canadian Pictorial' is a pleasure to look at, a pleasure to touch. No home should be without it.

Ten cents a copy, one dollar a year, to all parts of the world.

To Canada or Great Britain a club of three new subscribers at half-rate.

The 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

LITTLE FOLKS

In Good-Children Street.

There's a dear little home in Good-Children Street,
Where my heart turneth fondly to-day;
Where tinkle of tongues and patter of feet
Makes sweetest of music at play;
Where the sunshine of love illumines each face
And warms every heart in the old-fashioned place.

For dear little children go romping about
With dollies and tin tops and drums;
And my! how they frolic and scamper and shout,
Till bedtime too speedily comes.
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet
With the little folks living in Good-Children Street.

—Eugene Field.

'All the Same to God.'

'Well, Matt,' said Mrs. Flournoy, coming out on the balcony, 'where's Flora? Didn't you bring my little girl back from her grandmother's?'

'Indade, no mum,' answered the coachman; 'niver a word did I hear about little Missy.'

'That's very strange,' said the lady, looking vexed. 'Did you give the grandmother the note, Matt?'

'Shure, I did, mum.'

'And what did she say?'

'Shure, mum, what should a foine leddy like her be sayin' to Matt?' "Verra weel, Matt," says she.'

'How very strange!' exclaimed Flora's mother: 'I never knew the grandmother to do such a thing before. Well, I suppose the darling is as safe there as she would be with me; but I am disappointed.'

How surprised Mrs. Flournoy would have been if she had known that her dear little daughter was not more than fifty yards away from her at that minute!

The next morning, when the maid came into Mrs. Flournoy's room to open the shutters and fix her bath, she was carrying in her arms a rather chilly, shivery little girl, with her yellow curls tumbled over her face, and her frock rumpled into a thousand creases.

'Praise the Lord, Mis' Flournoy; the blessed lamb is safe!' she exclaimed the minute she opened the door.

'Flora—my—precious—how did you get over from grandmother's so early?' asked the mother, sitting up in bed.

'It wasn't early; it was late,' said the child, looking bewildered.

What do you think, that wee little maid, only six years old, had spent the night in the carriage, shut up in the carriage house! This was the way it happened: As soon as grandmother read the note, saying Flora must come home, she put on the little girl's hat and coat, packed her bag, and sent Mary, her maid, out to put her in the carriage.

Matt had hitched the horses and left them with grandma's coachman, while he went to ask the gardener for some seed potatoes; and when Flora climbed into the carriage it came into her head to play a trick on Matt: 'Don't you tell him I'm here, Mary,' she said; 'and don't you tell, Andy. When we get most home, I'll jump out and say, Boo! and won't Matt be s'prised?'

So Mary and Andy covered her up in the bottom of the carriage with the fur robe, and let Matt drive off without knowing he had a little passenger aboard. How could they know that little Missy would drop right off to sleep, and sleep all the way home, and sleep on and on until pitch dark night, when everybody had gone to bed! But that is just what happened.

'O, my baby, my baby,' sobbed the mother, hugging her tight. 'What did you do when you waked up out there alone in the dark?'

'I hollered and cried,' said Flora.

'My poor little darling! and what then?'

'Why, I just cried some more!'

'Did you cry all night, my lamb?'

'No, indeedy,' said Flora, shaking her rumpled curls. 'I got tired crying; I tried to get out of the carriage, but, you know, mamma, it won't open inside; so I jes' curled up under the fur robe and went to sleep again.'

'Were you dreadfully scared, pet?'

'At first I was scared, till I 'membered the verse you taught me to say at bedtime, 'bout darkness and light being all the same to God; so then I knew that

God wasn't afraid in the dark, and I jes' asked Him to take good care of your little girl.'

And God had taken care of her, for 'darkness and light,' you know, 'are both alike to him.'—Elizabeth Preston Allen, in 'Cumberland Presbyterian.'

Johnnie's Complaint.

(By Katherine L. Daniher, in 'Good Housekeeping.')

Oh, there's always lots of troubles
For a little boy like me;
I've got a great big brother and
A sister—she's most three.
I wear my clo'es out awful fast,
Then, what d'you s'pose they do?
They cut down Joseph's clo'es for me,
'N Joe, he gets the new.

Ma'll sometimes turn 'em inside out
'N stitch 'em here and there,
Then say they're just as good as new,
But I don't think that's fair.
She'll fix up sister spick and span,
An' keep her hair in curl,
'An' gets her nice, new dresses, too;
But then—who'd be a girl?

Pa says I'm growin' like a weed,
Wish't I could grow an' grow,
'An' get to be a great big man
Ahead of brother Joe;
'N then I'd have a bran' new suit
My very, very own,
With lots of pockets in 'em, too,
Just made for me alone.

A Little Daughter of Eve.

(By S. E. Winfield, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Dunlop were rocking and working in Mrs. Gray's own little sitting-room. From the room above, came, once in a while, mild screams of laughter, the noise of small feet running, and sometimes the bump of a fall.

'For the goodness' sake, Mrs. Gray, I should think you'd be crazy with all those children tearing over your house. There must be a dozen there now.'

'Oh, no,' said Mrs. Gray, with a smile. 'There are only three. Beth has Teddy and Betty Travers in from next door to play with her. So long as she is well and happy I don't mind the noise. They don't do anything very bad; they only make a noise, and somehow I grow used to that.'

'It would drive me wild. Mercy! what has happened now?' as a loud bang from above made the windows rattle.

'As no one cries, I gtiess no one is hurt,' replied Mrs. Gray, without stopping her rocking.

Meanwhile upstairs for a few moments there was quiet. It had been a greater fall from the arm of the nursery sofa to the floor than Teddy had counted on, and he sat quite quiet to get his breath, and wonder if he was hurt. He was trying to show how the clown in the circus procession had turned a somersault on the spring board, but the sofa, having seen hard treatment through some years, didn't have the give to it that the spring board did, so Teddy hit the floor pretty hard.

'Are you hurt, Teddy?' asked Beth; indeed, both the girls looked with anxious eyes at where their fallen leader of sports sat blinking on the floor.

'Course I ain't hurt,' sturdily, from said leader, who wouldn't own up to being hurt, as long as he could swallow, or see out of his eyes.

'Spose I'm a girl to get hurt by a little bump on the floor, only I didn't know it was quite so far.

'I don't want to play any more, anyway. I'm going home 'cause I'm hungry, and I can get something to eat over there.'

'You needn't say that, Teddy Travers,' said Beth hotly, 'you can get something to eat here, same as you have lots of times. Let's go downstairs and find Norah, and she'll give us some cookies and things.'

Downstairs rushed the three children, causing the timid Mrs. Dunlop another pang, because she thought that the whole of them had fallen down the stairs, instead of simply running down.

No Norah could they find in the kitchen. That smiling, kindly soul, who usually made them welcome, and gladly gave them anything they wanted, was out somewhere.

'Never mind, chillerns, I know where the cookies are kept,' said Beth, going to the pantry and opening wide the door. The cookie tin loomed up fresh and new, but somehow something else caught the children's eyes first.

There on a plate, with a wreath of tiny blue forget-me-nots painted around the edge of it, was an apple. Not just a plain speckled apple, not even just a plain red apple. This was a king among apples. It was big and polished and shining, a faint pink on one side, and on the other a pale green with faint, pink streaks or flecks upon it. It was a royal apple, and the children looked at it with hungry eyes.

'My, what an apple!' said Teddy, 'Who's is it?'

'Isn't it lovely?' agreed Beth. 'That is for Auntie to take to a little girl in the hospital. Here, I'll put on my bib, and get the crackers and the jam, and we'll have that instead of cookies.' And Beth bustled about to wait on herself and her friends.

But somehow Teddy couldn't seem to leave the apple.

'Do you suppose it tastes as nice as it looks?' he asked Beth, as he stood with his fingers almost on the plate. 'Are there any more of them? You taste of it, Beth, and tell us how it tastes, or give us a bite,' urged the tempter Teddy.

'But mamma told me not to touch that apple, 'cause it was to give away.'

'She didn't know that we would be here and see it and want it,' still urged Teddy, who, in fancy, could already taste the crisp freshness of the apple. Beth looked at it, lifted it, smoothed and patted its shining skin, then she lifted it slowly to her mouth, and held its coolness to her lips.

It seemed light for an apple of its size, and it didn't have the rich smell which an apple ought to have, but it must be apple, and to prove it, Beth opened her mouth, and took a big bite.

Oh, what a bite it was, for her sharp little teeth went through, not an apple, but a coating of some white substance, into a hole, for the middle of the mock apple was hollow.

Beth began to cry, and to try to get the stuff out of her mouth.

A voice from the door said, 'Beth, you mischief, what are you up to? Are you trying to eat up my show apple?'

'It isn't an apple at all, auntie,' wailed Beth, 'it's something horrid.'

'It isn't meant to eat, you silly child. I am going to fill it with that fudge cooling there in the snow, just for a little present, and now you have spoiled it all. You are a bad little girl, you are a regular little Eve, taking an apple which you had been told to let alone. Come here to the sink and let me wash that plaster from your mouth.'

So poor little Eve, with stifled sobs, had her mouth washed, and meekly never said a word about the tempting of Teddy, who, frightened at the result of his tempting, had fled home, dragging his sister with him.

What Doll's Should Do.

A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother lest she hurt her.

A doll should be kept away from the rocking chairs, as the rockers may crush her.

A wax doll should avoid the fire if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched on the floor, as people are apt to tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden upon is sure to go into a decline.—'Home Herald.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Husband to Wife.

(From 'The Miller's Daughter,' by Alfred Tennyson.)

Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife;
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life;
Look through my very soul with thine!
Untouched with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes forever dwell;
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed: they had their part
Of sorrow; for, when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness passed again
And left a want unknown before;
Although the loss that brought us pain,
That loss but made us love thee more.

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee;
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find.

He Sen' for de Colt!

(By the Rev. George O. Bachman.)

A Mississippi pastor had just dismissed his congregation. His sermon had been on the 'Opportunity of the Child,' and he had preached from the heart, urging the church to grasp this opportunity, and use it for the salvation and training of the children.

As he was about leaving the house, 'Uncle John,' the negro janitor, approached him, and said, 'Dat was a pow'ful sermon.'

'Yes?' remarked the pastor; 'I am glad you liked it, Uncle John.'

The old man scratched his woolly head, and, with an added interest, went on:

'Ye made some good p'ints—but, ye lak one good 'lustration.'

'What was that, Uncle John?'

'De send'n for de colt!'

'The what, Uncle John?'

'Does you not 'member? De Sabiour, he sen' for de colt! 'Go bring me de colt,' he say. He not gwine fool his time away on dat mudder mewl—he want de colt.'

Is not the church too frequently missing the greater opportunity of childhood while spending the bulk of its energies upon the adult?—'S. S. Times.'

For a troublesome cough, take a lump of borax, add to it a little honey and let it dissolve in the mouth. This is said to be soothing when other remedies fail.

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Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet those utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

—'Littell's Living Age.

Nursery Walls.

How it is Possible to Cultivate a Taste for Art Among Children.

(Los Angeles 'Times.')

When a child is just too old to have a picture of a pink baby and a blue cat on the walls of its room, and yet too young to indicate its own tastes, there comes a time when the whole house should be regarded as storehouse from which to draw for the fit wall decoration of the nursery.

The nursery wals are of far more importance than the drawing-room walls. And a little care, and a very little expense, indeed, will make possible a room which shall be a veritable school room.

First of all, the walls must be plainly papered. A soft gray or olive is best. That will be a shock to the sensibility which believes in big pink roses and nodding scarlet poppies, as the height of the appropriate to make a room attractive. People who know, however, almost unreservedly unite in decrying flowered and highly-colored paper as trying to nerves and eyes, and in commending the olives and grays as especially fit for children who are active and restless and need quieting surroundings. If there be a border above the rather low-set picture molding, the paper may be deep cream above this, or, if one likes, it may have a simple and unobtrusive little pattern of rosebuds or morning glories running over it. The molding should be of wood to match the woodwork of the room.

The pictures are next to be considered. Take down and throw away all the pictures of children in night gowns, children in roses, children with puppies included. Take down all the little paper dolls, and the rubber brownies and juvenile German favors that hang everywhere, gathering dust and offending the eyes. Place these among the children's toys, if they like them—and they probably do like them; but do not have them on the walls.

Go to some shop where inexpensive copies of the old masters are for sale. Carbon copies and photogravures of the best things in the world may be obtained at prices ranging from fifty cents to $2, not to speak of the penny prints. The pictures, which will be appropriate and which the children will come to love, are endless. There are children by Van Dyck, a copy of Guido Renie's Aurora, etc., etc. Studies in animal life, such as the Landseer and Rosa Bonheur pictures, or any others to teach love and care of animals, are especially to be commended.

The casts afford a variety of subjects to delight a child, the Della Robia studies, the Donatello Laughing Boy, the St. John, the Singing Boys, and bits of friezes to be hung above the door and in shadowed corners. Teach the child the value of the dark frames against the drab or olive background, and how a dark corner is lightened by a bit of white plaster. Study the pictures and casts for which they most care, and add to the sort which most appeals to them. Encourage their comments and questions, tell them stories about the characters in the pictures, and little by litt'e teach them the artists and something about them. All this can be done at night, when story time comes, and the children will never know that they are having the most important lesson of the day. As the children grow a few years older nearly everything that is best in drawing and sculpture may be introduced.

At the scrap-book age there can be no greater aid to this sort of study than the penny prints of good pictures, a few cents' worth of which will keep children busy and amused for any number of rainy forenoons, and association with which will be of life-long benefit. Also, in the back of magazines, and in art catalogues and advertisements may be found quantities of little half-tones of the very best pictures and if the children are given these to cut out and arrange they will soon learn the names and some rude sort of classification. A game can easily be instituted which shall permit the placing of these pictures in scrap books only when their names shall have been learned, and something about them can be repeated. It will not be long before the name of the artist spoken to the children will bring at once to their lips the names of the artists' pictures, and the name of one picture will recall to them both artist's name and the titles of his other works. The moment all this is made work, and called lessons, much of its value is gone. It must all be absorbed; it must all come to the children by contact, and quite unconsciously. Four or five years' attention to this sort of art education will send a child to school equipped with an invaluable store of knowledge, and what is more, the possessor of tastes which he might otherwise have never known.

A Hungry Little Heart.

Miss Hattie was spending her vacation in a cosy farmhouse hidden among the trees. Her fellow-boarders were a mother and two sweet children, a boy of three, and a baby.

From the first Miss Hattie's heart went out to little Louis, who seemed to be quite second in everything, now that baby had come. To be sure, his mother saw to it that he was clothed and fed, but he ran about all day with little attention paid to him, and was bundled off to bed at night with scant ceremony.

One night little Louis had been put to bed in the dark as usual, and left there to go to sleep. But something was wrong that night. Louis cried and cried. Perhaps he was not quite well, and a bit nervous all alone. Miss Hattie listened patiently, hoping the mother would go to him. Her sympathetic intuitions told her that they were not naughty, wilful cries, but half-frightened, lonesome, heart-hungry wails. It was too much for Miss Hattie. Creeping softly upstairs, she entered the room and whispered, 'Louis!' There was a sudden hush.

'Do you want a dolly to go to sleep with you?'

'Yes,' came in a choking voice.

'Well, be very still and I will get you one.'

Crossing the hall to her room, she gathered together a shawl and some aprons and began to make up a very primitive rag doll. All was quiet in Louis' room. She could almost see the little, expectant, tear-stained face, as she rolled and tied the great, ugly doll.

Going back, she laid it in the eagerly outstretched arms, and said, 'Now be very still so that dolly will go to sleep.' The doll was clutched tightly to the little heaving breast; there was a stifled sob or two, then all was still. Comfort had come to the hungry little heart. He was not all alone now; dolly was there!

Miss Hattie went downstairs with a full heart. 'Poor little baby!' she murmured. 'What a shame to leave him to cry himself to sleep, when he could be comforted with such a prosy thing as a rag doll!'—Selected.

How to Keep Healthy.

(By Mrs. Helen M. Richardson.)

Receptacles containing drinking water should never be left uncovered in a sleeping room. Water quickly absorbs impurities, and in a short time becomes unfit to be taken into the system. Especially is this the case in a sick room. Glasses containing medicine also, should be kept covered, as should those containing cooling drinks. In the cellar and pantry, it is wise to keep the butter dish and the milk pitcher covered. Nothing looses its flavor so quickly as butter, and nothing appropriates to itself disease germs so quickly as milk. Butter kept in a refrigerator with strong smelling vegetables will very soon taste and smell of them unless closely covered.

SURPRISES IN STORE

The results of the first Prize Competition of the year among our 'Pictorial' boys are not yet made up of course, as we allow till the 15th of April, so that the later orders in March may be paid for and counted in for the prize, but we have things in hand enough to know that there are surprises in store for some boys. It will be a surprise to learn now that the city boys though with more customers right at hand have not made so good a record as the country boys by a long way. Wake up to your chances, boys of the cities and large towns! We shall watch with interest boys that go into next competition. This next competition is to cover sales of April, May and June, and for first prize we give a choice of three articles, any one of which will be a lasting satisfaction to the fortunate winners. Watch for particulars in April 'Pictorial,' or later in this page. This, however, is the right time to get busy, to work up your customers and take orders in advance where you can. The Easter Number (see contents elsewhere), with its cover of a beautiful girl holding a spray of lilies, will make a very suitable greeting to friends at a distance, and your customers will want to think of that. A good start with the April number will be a splendid help in working for the prize.

To all our boy readers who have not tried this plan of earning premiums, prizes, etc., by selling this popular monthly, the 'Canadian Pictorial,' we would say, drop us a postcard to-day and we will send you all necessary particulars and helps, and hold your order to get a package of the Easter number just as soon as it's off the press. DO IT NOW.

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The Twilight Hour.

(By Mary Morison, in 'Mother's Magazine.')

An easy chair, a lamp turned low,
A waiting crib all soft and warm,
Two folding arms which closely clasp
A little tender, clinging form.
A crooning song breathed soft and low
Above a tangled, curly crown,
Two sweet eyes filled with drifting dreams
O'er which the lids droop slowly down.

Below a night-robe's snowy folds
Two little dimpled, tired feet,
Two rosy lips that drift apart
With every breath, all slumber-sweet.
The song is hushed, the singer's lips
Caress the brow so baby fair
That nestles close beside her breast,
And murmur low a mother's prayer.

A Mother's Influence.

A mother's influence in my opinion is somewhat limited by her environments. A godless husband doubtless has a very adverse influence on the children and even casts a shade of disrespect for mother's government. They regard father as the head of the family and boys especially regard their father as their pattern in most things, and as the result of such logic it is not in mother's power to entirely counteract it, and yet the very centre of our Christian civilization is the home and the centre of the home is the mother. Then her responsibility entirely turns upon her faith in God, not only in being able to secure divine aid in bringing up her children, but through him of reaching her husband as well. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached in the quiet home by a consecrated Christian mother's daily life. If mothers are to see their children saved and grow up to be Christian men and women the best and safest way is to commence at the very beginning. The Bible tells us, 'Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.' It would be well for mothers as they look upon their little ones to think those little hands would yet be raised to bless the world with its benediction or smite it with a curse and their example will have a great influence as to which it shall be, 'For as the sowing so is the reaping.' Should parents remain unsaved until children are grown the great opportunity of their life may be flown. The seeds of irreligion sown in the young take precedence.—Mrs. Sarah A. Stone.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Let us Take Time.

Let us take time for the good-by kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

Let us take time to speak sweet, 'foolish' words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our 'foolishness' will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read the Bible. Its treasures will last when we have ceased to care for the war of political parties and fall of stocks, or the petty happenings of the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies, which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we covet or the fame for which we struggled.

Since we all must take time to die, why should we not take time to live—to live in the large sense of a life begun here for eternity?

Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating, burdened father, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter whom you have no time to caress.

Let us take time to get acquainted with Christ. The hour is coming swiftly for us all when one touch of His hand in the darkness will mean more than all that is written in the daybook and ledger, or in the records of our little social world.—'Pittsburg Advocate.

Two Pictures.

(By Mary Wood-Allen, in the 'American Mother.')

No. I.

A little fellow just learning to walk, stumbles and hurts his head against a chair. Mamma runs and picks him up, exclaiming, 'Naughty chair to hurt baby! We will whip the chair;' and so the mind of the child is diverted from his own pain, and filled with the idea of inflicting pain upon something else in retaliation. This plan is followed in regard to everything with which the child comes into unpleasant contact; and following up the course of reasoning thus suggested, he soon comes to strike people and to be filled with the spirit of retaliation.

No. II.

A little fellow just learning to walk stumbles and hurts his head against a chair. Mamma runs and picks him up, exclaiming cheerfully, 'That did not hurt baby! Didn't it hurt the chair? Poor chair! You must pet the chair, and love it.' So baby is taught to express sympathy with the chair, table, or other inanimate object with which he comes into unpleasant contact. Little by little he learns to express the same feeling in regard to individuals, and instead of instinctively retaliating when he is hurt, he begins to manifest a sympathetic interest in the person or thing through which the hurt has come; and many a quarrel with other children is averted because of the loving disposition manifested, and the child grows up with a sweetness of temper that makes him remarkable.

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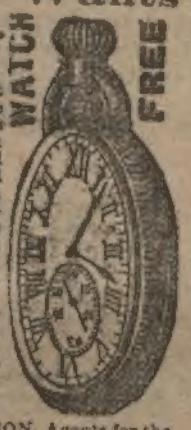

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Growing Old.

Softly, oh, softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderer care;
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to mar.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home light.
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight.
Growing old gracefully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that lured thee unwilling
Far from thy course to the land of the blest.
Growing old gracefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen,
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow—
Thou dost remember what lieth between.
Growing old willingly,
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that hath grown with the years,
Rich in a love that grew from and about it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears,
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Eyes that grow dim to earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;
Ears that grow dull to earth and its story
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow.
Growing old graciously,
Purer than snow.

—Selected.

Selected Recipes.

SCALLOPED HERRING.—Soak four or five Norway salt herring over night. Divide down the back and remove skin and bone; cut into inch squares. Have ready a dozen good-sized potatoes, cold-boiled; alternate layers of the sliced potatoes with the fish, adding bits of butter and a good sprinkling of pepper to each generous layer of fish. Begin and end with potatoes. Cover with a custard made of three cups of milk and three beaten eggs. Lastly, add half a cup of fine bread crumbs mixed with a teaspoonful of drawn butter. Bake about forty minutes. Serve from baking dish with napkin folded neatly around it.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—One cupful of milk, one-quarter of a pound of grated cocoanut, three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cupful of stoned raisins, the grated peel of one lemon, well-beaten whites of two eggs. Beat all until well mixed. Butter a cold pudding dish and pour the mixture in. Bake slowly one hour, then turn out on a flat dish and shake pulverized sugar over it. Serve hot or cold with cream, custard or fruit.

COFFEE CAKE.—A delicious cake is made after the following directions: Beat to a cream two eggs, one cupful of sugar, and a half cupful of butter; add one teaspoonful each of powdered mace, cinnamon and cloves, and whip these spices well through the mixture; then stir in one-half a cupful of molasses and stir it well through the other ingredients. Dissolve a half teaspoonful of baking soda in a half cupful of luke-warm coffee. Be sure the coffee is strong. Then sift two cupfuls of flour and have ready a quarter of a pound of currants and a quarter of a pound of seeded raisins. Stir in about half the flour, then add the fruit a little at a time, alternating it with a little at a time the last half of the flour. Stir the cake after the fruit is in until it is a perfectly smooth batter before putting it in the pan.

Line a good-sized cake pan with buttered paper and put the cake batter into it and bake it in a slow oven. Or bake in little patty pans.

SAVORY SPAGHETTI.—Put a tablespoonful of lard into a saucepan and when hot add one cup of shredded ham, a cup of shredded veal or chicken, one onion, minced; one clove of garlic, a bay leaf, few cloves, a small carrot chopped fine, a tablespoonful of sugar and salt, pepper, and pinch of red pepper. Stir constantly until nicely browned, then add a quart of strained tomato, and let the whole come to a boil. Mix a tablespoonful of flour smooth with a little cold water, and stir into the mixture to thicken. While preparing the above, have the spaghetti boiling in plenty of salted water—it will require about 20 minutes. Drain and arrange on a heated platter and pour the tomato sauce over it. Sprinkle grated Italian cheese over the top and serve.

MACARONI CROQUETTES.—Break half a package of macaroni into short pieces and boil in plenty of salt water, and uncovered, until every tender, but not soft enough to destroy the form. Drain and add a strained, thick tomato sauce and mix well with a fork. Grate over this quarter pound of mild cheese, Form into balls or cylinders, dip in bread crumbs, then into beaten egg, and again into crumbs and fry in deep hot fat. Serve on a crisp, curly lettuce leaf. Boiled macaroni left from previous meal may be utilized in this manner.

Don't Worry—Try it This Week.

Let no day pass without personal secret communication with God.

Begin each day by taking counsel from the Word of God, if but one verse while you are dressing.

Put away all bitter feelings and brooding over slights or wrongs, no matter from whom received.

Have on your heart some person or cause for which you are pleading God's blessings each day.

Let no opportunity pass to say a kind word, do some kind deed, or at least smile upon those you meet. Do this, not affectedly, but sincerely as unto the Lord.

Guard well the door of your lips, that no unchaste word, jest, or story, no slander or cutting remarks, no irreverent or untruthful statement, shall pass out.

Remember each day that Christ will surely come, suddenly come, quickly come; and, it may be, this day will determine how His coming will find us, as it must to thousands.—'Our Hope.'

Father's Time.

'Oh, no, I cannot go with you after dinner to-night because that is father's time and we always have so much fun then.' This is what I heard a little maiden say to her school friend, who had invited her to go somewhere with her.

'Father's time.' I wondered what that meant, and so I said to the little maiden, 'And what is "father's time?"'

'Oh, "father's time" is the right after dinner at night, an hour or so before we go to bed. Father makes lots of pleasure for us then, and it is the only time we can see him, except in the early morning, and that is for such a short while. Father never goes anywhere at that time, and we do not; we give that hour to him and he gives it to us. It is our "together hour." Oh, he is such a good, dear father.'

What a testimonial to the high standard of fatherhood was this little girl's. Away all day, immersed in business cares, he could give no time to his children except the hour before their bedtime. With what happy, light hearts those little ones kissed him goodnight when bedtime came and with what smiling faces they went to sleep to dream beautiful dreams of father-love.—S. T. P., in 'Evangelist.'

A 'Slave.'

'What a shame for a big, strong man to be such a slave to an invalid wife!'

The words were spoken in a disgusted tone by a girl in the the saloon of an ocean steamer. The couple on whom she made er caustic criticism were slowly descending the stairs. The woman was pale and haggard. Her hands were twisted by pain and her voice had the pathos of suffering. She was helped from stateroom to steamer chair and back every day, and all day long her handsome husband attended upon her. He adjusted her wraps, saw that her food was prepared for her helpless hands, read to her hour after hour, or sat quietly with his hand resting near hers and his eyes watching her, even when they seemed fixed on the horizon.

Sympathetic spectators had pitied the man even while they admired his devotion, and the girl had put into words the popular irritation when she called him 'a slave to an invalid wife.'

She spoke in a louder tone than she meant, and the two persons interested in her speech heard her clearly. An hour later the man slid into a deck chair beside his critic, and said:

'I think your remark, which I accidentally overheard, justifies me in telling you a little about my "slavery," as you call it. It began thirty years ago, when my young bride nursed me through yellow fever—alone—because everyone else had fled in panic.

'She did not have a sound hour's sleep for three weeks. Most of the time I was violently delirious, and how she managed to control me was a wonder. We were quarantined three miles from a town, and she cooked for me and tended me, and brought me safely out of the loathsome disease before she fell ill herself.

'After she recovered she pulled me through a worse trial. I was in business with a man who proved a scoundrel, and for three years everybody except my wife believed that his villiany was mine. When I lost money and position, she did herself the work of three women. When children came, she contrived that they should be noticeable for their gentle manners and thoughtfulness, although they wore poor clothes.

'When sickness and death visited our home, it was her courage and wisdom which kept the sordid details of the trouble away from the rest of us, and left us only the ideal sorrow which lifts life toward heaven.

'For twenty-five years all this was her task. I tried to save her from strain when I could, but so great a spirit could not spare herself. Five years ago her health gave way. She will never be well again. She gave her life for mine.

'My "slavery," thank God, is the slavery of wholehearted devotion to one of the noblest women ever given to earth. I love her and delight in her more than the day I married her. Her courage and humor and charm are unconquerable by pain.

'My dear young woman, you may well pray every night that you may some day be so lovely a tyrant and that you may command so happy a "slave"!'

So the gay young girl learned with some wholesome humiliation the frequent human lesson of the folly of passing hasty judgments.—'Youth's Companion.'

Novel Washstand.

A washstand is a very ugly thing to have in cramped quarters. Occasionally the closet is large enough so that it may be accommodated there, but when such is not the case, the following is a most convenient, simple and cheap device: Get a carpenter to fasten with strong brackets to the inside of the closet door a rounded shelf. A hole must be made near the front edge large enough so that the washbowl may be set firmly into it. A thin strip of wood about an inch and a half wide should be nailed to the outer edge of the shelf, and the device is complete. The tooth mug, soap dish and other toilet articles are prevented by the strip from falling. A towel rack may be fastened to the door above the shelf. The modern pitchers of light metalic ware are particularly desirable.—'Good Housekeeping.'

Shop in Toronto Through Our Mail Order Department.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA.

Money Refunded if Goods are not Satisfactory.

UMBRELLAS FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

REGULAR $1.00 FOR 59c.

N.M. 144—We have a very large assortment of Men's and Ladies' Umbrellas, which we offer our Mail Order Customers at less than the manufacturer's price. The ladies' are covered with heavy mercerized Austria cloth, handles of fancy horn and natural woods, neatly silver trimmed. Men's are the plain style, and self-opening, mounted on strong quick acting steel frames, neat hook or crook Congo handles. Regular $1.00, Special, each **59c**

NOTE—Not more than two supplied to each customer.

SPECIAL OFFERING OF LADIES' WHITE MADRAS SHIRTWAISTS

Regular $2.75 for $1.95.

N.M. 141—Ladies' White Shirtwaists, made in fine white broche Madras, Gibson style with pocket, two wide pleats from bust line over shoulder and down back to waist, laundered embroidered collar, link shirt cuffs, white pearl buttons, sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Regular value, $2.75 each. 480 only to sell at each . **$1.95**

If by mail enclosed in box, allow postage, 15c.

FRILLED NET.

Regular 25c, for 19c.

N.M. 146—This Window Curtaining is 36 inches wide, made in our own factory, and is much better made than goods of this kind usually are. The net is of a fine, durable quality, which will launder well, the lace and insertion pretty and effective. The frill is deep and full, making a very handsome window curtain. No waste. Order the exact length you require for your windows.
Regular .25 per yard, for **19c**

WOMEN'S LACE HOSE.

Regular 35c, for 25c.

N.M. 148—Women's Fine Lace Ankle Hose, colors, Black, Tan, White, soft, even thread, neat patterns, sizes 8½ to 10. Regular .35.
Special Mail Order Price, per pair **25c**

Six Extraordinary Bargains

$1.50 Hand Bags for.................98c
50c Initial Handkerchiefs............25c
20c Hankerchiefs...............4 for 45c
50c Lace Collars......................25c
$2.00 Crepe de Chine Scarfs $1.00
$1.50 " " " 75c

READ THE PARTICULARS

N.M. 127—Ladies' Seal Grain Leather Hand Bag, leather lined, inside change purse, covered frame, leather strap handles, 8 in. frame, 6 inches deep, regular $1.50 .. .. .. **98c**

N.M. 128—Men's Silk Handkerchiefs, with handsome embroidered initial. Regular .50 each, for **25c**

N.M. 129—Ladies' Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, assorted patterns. Regular .20 each. Extra special offer. Four for **25c**

N.M. 130—Misses' and Children's Lace Coat Collars, Regular .50 each, for **25c**

N.M. 131—Ladies' Crepe de Chene Scarfs, in Black, White, Pink and Pale Blue. Regular $2.00 for **$1.00**. Regular $1.50 for **75c**

Muslins, Delainettes, Mulls, Organdies.

Regular 12½c............................for 7½c
Regular 15c...............................for 10c
Regular 19c...............................for 15c
Regular 50c and 65c..................for 29c

N.M. 132—4,000 yards pretty figured Muslins, White and colored grounds, dainty figures of various colors, such as Pale Blue, Pink, Red, Green, chintz, etc. Regular 12½ .. . **7½c**

N.M. 133—6,000 yards good Delainette, 28 inches wide, a little thicker than a muslin, pretty design of dots, figures, sprays, etc., in all the leading colors. Regular .15 .. .. **10c**

N.M. 134—3,000 yards Black Dress Muslin, pretty striped Grenadine effect, 28 inches wide, will stand washing and sunshine, never changes color. Regular .19 .. .. **15c**

N.M. 135—2,000 yards dainty striped floral silk Mulls, in the following shades—Pink, Sky, Nile, Red, Navy, Black, Helio and Yellow. Regular .50 .. .. **29c**

N.M. 136—3,000 yards pretty figured Silk Organdy. About 20 patterns in Pink, Sky, Helio, Yellow, etc. Flowers on White grounds. A real bargain. A fine opportunity to get a dainty summer dress at less than half price.
Regular .65 .. .. **29c**

10k. Solid Gold Signet Ring

Engraved Free

Regular $2.00 for 98c.

N.M. 138—Ladies' and Gentlemen's 10k. Solid Gold Signet Rings, heavy, but finely finished in Roman or bright style, oval flat top for monogram, any one or two initials in neat design engraved free of charge.
Regular $2.00, for **98c**

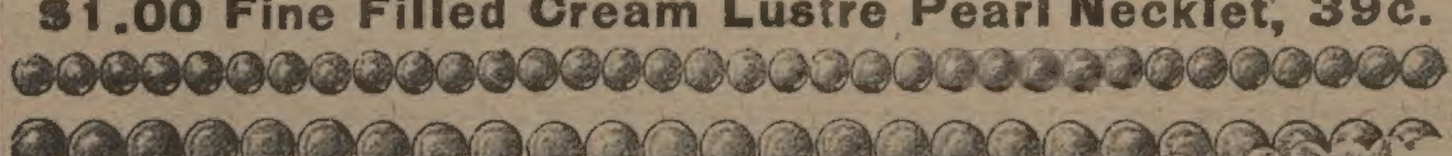
Ladies' Dongola Kid Boots

Blucher Cut

Regular $2.50 for $1.99.

N.M. 139—Ladies' Boots, fine, strong Dongola Kid Leather, patent leather toe caps, Blucher cut, Cuban and military heels, medium and flexible soles, stylish, comfortable, good fitting, serviceable boots, all sizes. Special bargain to Mail Order Customers **$1.99**

$1.00 Fine Filled Cream Lustre Pearl Necklet, 39c.



N.M. 150—Fine Filled Pearl Necklet, beautiful Cream or White Lustre full round pearls, strung on specially prepared wax double-thread, with 20-year gold-filled clasp, large or small size, as cut. Regular value, $1.00, for **39c**

Men's Socks

Reg. 20c for 12½c.

N. M. 147—Men's Black Cashmere Socks, seamless, double heel and toe, spring and summer weight, sizes 9½ to 11. Regular 20c. Special Mail Order price **12½c**